University of Alberta

Release from the "Us vs. Them" Prison: Granting Freedom by Giving Voice to Multiple Identities in Physical Activity and Offender Rehabilitation

by

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Abstract

Despite rapid advances in knowledge that have occurred within the physical activity sciences and the field of offender rehabilitation respectively, there is almost no research available on how physical activity may be a potential clinical adjunct to adult forensic psychotherapy and offender rehabilitation. Indeed, there is currently sufficient empirical knowledge in both areas to understand how both motivational theories and benefits of physical activity participation may fit within the existing structural theory of offender rehabilitation. The literature review provided herein discusses the rationale for how such integration may occur, perhaps leading to further advances in offender rehabilitation. This possibility is important, since recidivism leads to new victims of crime and creates additional psychological and financial costs to communities and their members.

However, there are several potential barriers that may prevent exploration of physical activity as a legitimate psychotherapeutic adjunct. Perhaps the most profound of these is an "us vs. them" mentality that appears to be pervasive in the corrections field, and the present investigation seeks to reduce this mentality through the use of an autoethnographic method. Using a series of short, personal stories that have been selected in large part because of their relevance to criminological theory, the researcher seeks to blur the boundaries between several us-them distinctions. It is hoped that readers will connect emotionally with the stories while realizing some critical psychological processes that are common to humankind, thereby opening locked doors to researchers who are interested in exploring physical activity in correctional environments. If potential benefits of physical activity as a clinical adjunct to forensic

psychotherapy are to be discovered, it is essential for corrections professionals representing a variety of disciplines to realize that we all share key aspects of humanness, both among ourselves as professionals and also with the offender-clients that we serve.

Preface

Although there has been much physical activity research conducted over the past few decades in a variety of clinical settings, there has been almost none conducted within the correctional environment. This is somewhat surprising, given the rapid accumulation of knowledge that has occurred in recent years in both the physical activity sciences and the field of offender rehabilitation.

Several barriers have been identified that may function to prevent research on physical activity and recreation from occurring in correctional settings, which include misconceptions regarding offender violence, racial differences between offenders and prison staff, and difficulties for researchers to gain access into correctional environments (Bulloch, McGuire, & Barch, 1984; Calloway, 1981; Little, 1995). Furthermore, within the field of adult offender rehabilitation, scholars have noted an even more salient barrier to progress—an ever present "us versus them" mentality (Andrews & Bonta, 1994; Gendreau, 1996). As a former forensic psychotherapist involved in rehabilitation efforts in maximum, medium, and minimum level corrections institutions, I have personally observed this phenomenon between many different corrections "players." It seems to occur between professionals themselves, who have different occupations and roles within the correctional system, and also between staff and offenders (Andrews & Bonta, 1994; Bhui, 2002; Gendreau, 1996). My several years of experience has been that there seems to be an all too common perception among many correctional professionals that adult offenders should not have the privilege of participating in physical activity.

This study, then, is primarily concerned with addressing the "us vs. them" barrier that seems to prevent research on physical activity and how it may relate to offender

rehabilitation from occurring within correctional environments. There is a serious lack of knowledge into the relationship between physical activity and offender rehabilitation. Furthermore, rehabilitation efforts have life-altering consequences to many people. Effective rehabilitation can prevent huge future costs, both financially and emotionally, thus new approaches to offender rehabilitation warrant investigation.

The core question, which this study attempted to answer, is much more practical than theoretical in nature: How does storying multiple identities of self facilitate navigation of the "us vs. them" mindsets in physical activity and offender rehabilitation? Because qualitative methods are appropriate for investigating topics in which very little is known (Sofaer, 1999), this form of research is appropriate for the present study. Furthermore, I have selected an autoethnography, which will include several personal short stories, as the specific qualitative methodology for this investigation for four important reasons.

The first reason, directly related to the research question, has to do with the prevalent "us versus them" mentality that prevents progress in offender rehabilitation, including exploration into the potential role of physical activity in correctional settings. By utilizing autoethnographic research, I can write to other professionals from the position of "us," (thereby being heard by other professionals), while in many ways, taking the role of "them." In other words, by utilizing autoethnography, it may be more difficult to dismiss the impact of the research (e.g., the emotional stories of offenders can often be incorrectly dismissed as criminal thinking errors, such as "victim stancing," or uniqueness—although some appeals to emotion by offenders may reflect such thinking errors).

Indeed, I have personally been involved in several very different positions that are related to the research topic—including the "deviant adolescent" with large doses of unrecognized anger and criminal thinking, an "insider" and later an "outsider" in a local culture with strict ideological norms, a recreational bodybuilder and powerlifter, a client in psychotherapy, a forensic psychotherapist, and a researcher. There are parts of me that can identify with each of these positions, and regular physical activity has consistently accompanied these various identities. By giving these differing identities a "voice," I hope to show that the "us versus them" mentality is largely artificial. Furthermore, through both using personal stories—with their thick, rich descriptions and capability of producing powerful emotional responses—as the "data," and current "restorying" from the position of a researcher, the results of the study may perhaps prove to carry more practical effect than other types of methods, which generally minimize emotionality and rely more on analysis. Autoethnography, on the other hand, can capitalize on emotionality and build a potential bridge of empathy between differing "us vs. them" categories. Carl Rogers (1980, p. 85) described empathy as:

> …the sensitive ability and willingness to understand the client's thoughts, feelings, and struggles from the client's point of view…to adopt his frame of reference…It means entering the private perceptual world of the other…being sensitive, moment by moment, to the changing felt meanings which flow in this other person.

By employing an autoethnographic method, I will likely be heard by the professional community within corrections (an "us" group), while at the same time taking on many psychological aspects common to offenders (others—a "them" group).

The second reason for selecting autoethnography is that I hope not only to generate important new knowledge, but also additional research questions. Very little is known about the potential effects of physical activity on offender rehabilitation. Good research should generate additional questions and serve as a guide for future research efforts. Autoethnography involves moving back and forth from deep psychological process to the broader cultural context (Ellis, 1999); therefore, the use of this method should yield a great many new questions, which may be the focus of future research that incorporates other methods appropriately suited for new research questions.

A third reason, is that I am somewhat interested in how meaningful physical activity experiences may correspond to subjective meaning of various other life experiences, some of which may be considered deviant and others may be externally viewed as more "healthy." Like other qualitative methods, how my stories actually play out within the autoethnography is somewhat unpredictable, but insights into the generation of personal meaning and how this meaning may relate to physical activity is probable. Personal meaning tends to be connected with emotionality, which can be a salient goal of, and can be demonstrated through, self-narrative methods (Bochner, 1997, 2001; Ellis, 1999; Frank, 1995). Storytelling tends to evoke emotion, which is needed if this project is to be successful in addressing the research problem.

The fourth, but certainly not the least important, reason I selected an autoethnography is how it relates to where I am in both my own personal and professional development. Autoethnography can be an introspective way for the "academic" person and "ordinary" person to "get in touch with each other," (Bochner, 1997, p. 421) which appears to be critical to me at this point in my life. It is most

important to me that this project, as a dissertation, addresses a major problem within the world of scholarship, but also that it helps fulfill a personal need—perhaps putting the "icing on the cake" of my own healing journey. Arrien (1993), from her work in the area of anthropology, reported that storytelling is one of the four universal healing salves (the others being singing, dancing and silence). The process of healing is central to both the subject of offender rehabilitation (and the potential role of physical activity in rehabilitation) and to my own personal growth process. I hope to be a better researcher and practitioner as a result of this project.

Rather than relying on the more traditional forms of scholarship that tend to utilize theory and critical analysis, autoethnography relies heavily on other uses of literary convention. It can be viewed as a "fusion between social science and literature" (Ellis, 1999, p. 669). Nevertheless, the many varying skills required to effectively complete such work should not be underestimated. Ellis (1999, p. 671-672) explained:

> It's amazingly difficult. It's certainly not something that most people can do well. Most social scientists don't write well enough to carry it off. Or they're not sufficiently introspective about their feelings or motives or the contradictions they experience. Ironically, many aren't observant enough of the world around them. The self-questioning autoethnography demands is extremely difficult. So is confronting things about yourself that are less than flattering…honest autoethnographic exploration generates a lot of fears and self doubts—and emotional pain…Then there's the vulnerability of revealing yourself, not being able to take back what you've written or having any control over how readers interpret it. It's hard not to feel like your life is being critiqued as well as your

work. It can be humiliating. And the ethical issues…just wait until you're writing about family members and loved ones who are part of your story.

Autoethnographic research, despite being a nontraditional form of scholarly inquiry and its large reliance on a process other than familiar critical analysis, clearly requires a complex mixture of important cognitive skills. For this study, the category of qualitative methodology may be primarily viewed as description, which produces an outcome that pertains primarily to processes, relationships, setting and situations, systems, and people (Peshkin, 1993). More on the values and limitations of my use of autoethnography will be discussed in Chapter Three.

The structure of this research project is largely dependent on its purpose—to illustrate my knowledge of the relevant literature on physical activity and offender rehabilitation, to propose and defend a research project that will contribute to this literature, and to complete the research and illustrate how it fits with existing knowledge related to this topic. Furthermore, because quantitative methodologies dominate the scholarly literature on offender rehabilitation, I decided to begin by following a more traditional and familiar "scientific" outline, and, similarly, I have written primarily from third person throughout the first two chapters. By beginning from a traditional format, I am more likely to give the research problem legitimacy to the criminology field that is unfamiliar with qualitative methods and may easily dismiss them. From a familiar background, I attempted to illustrate how autoethnography "fits" in helping to answer the research problem. However, beginning in Chapter Three, I transition toward writing more from the voice of first person, which obviously will continue throughout the autoethnography itself, beginning with Chapter Four. My major point in structuring the

project in this fashion is to convince the reader that (from a more familiar dispassionate position) there is a need for physical activity research in the offender rehabilitation context and that autoethnography is a logical method for addressing the primary barrier that prevents such research from occurring.

Also, I believe that before delving into the literature on physical activity and offender rehabilitation, it may be helpful to the reader to provide first an explanation of the current state of offender rehabilitation itself. Thus, chapter one is titled "An Introduction to Offender Rehabilitation" and includes a discussion of the primary theory of offender rehabilitation that has been developed from a substantial empirical literature. From Chapter One, the reader should have a clear idea regarding the current state of the science of offender rehabilitation. Understanding the science of offender rehabilitation provides a solid foundation for how physical activity may complement rehabilitation efforts and why it is important to explore this possibility, while lending legitimacy to the current project.

Chapter Two includes a discussion of the literature relating specifically to physical activity and offender rehabilitation, along with a rationale of why this topic is important from within the context of offender rehabilitation theory. A discussion of the absence of knowledge on this topic, along with proposed barriers that have long existed to prevent obtaining this knowledge, is included. It is time for these barriers to be addressed and for sound research exploring physical activity and offender rehabilitation to occur. It is frustrating that physical activity may potentially be a salient component to reducing recidivism for many offenders, yet research to test hypotheses in this area cannot occur.

Chapter Three focuses on the research methodology. There is current debate over the legitimacy, purposes, and evaluative criteria for autoethnography and self-narrative research, with no current consensus by scholars. This somewhat nebulous state of evaluating scholarship regarding this form of methodology is reflected in the content of that chapter. However, I intended to provide a clear rationale for my uses of self-narrative methods, and I follow other leading scholars regarding the methodological process I chose for this project.

While Chapters One through Three are written primarily from "third person" from a predominantly academic voice and reflect the purpose of a traditional thesis, the remaining chapters constitute the autoethnography itself, using a collection of short stories, and were written from an experience-near perspective in first person. My intention, as noted earlier, is to empower many voices and expose many differing possible identities, with physical activity being a common thread running through each.

Within my stories, I have used pseudonyms for both actual names and nicknames, although when describing situations that involve my family, it is not always possible to protect their identities. The name of my hometown, along with the brief history of its background, has also been changed. Despite these alterations that are needed to protect the identity of individuals within my stories, I have carefully tried to retain the subjective meaning of experience at the time, as much as possible, in an effort to hold the integrity of subjective meaning and maintain a sense of validity from the context of narrative, rather than that of precise historical fact (see Ellis, 1999).

Again, it should be remembered that there is no current consensus among scholars as to the "rules" for writing autoethnography. Finally, although it is necessary to present

a discussion of the relevant literature (Chapters One and Two) from an academic perspective, which includes critical analysis, I encourage the reader to take a much different, more personal approach when reading the stories themselves, or to think *with* the story, rather than *about* it (Frank, 1995). Frank (1995, p. 23) further explained, "To think about a story is to reduce it to content and then analyze the content…To think with a story is to experience its affecting one's own life and to find in that effect a certain truth of one's life."

My hope is that this project has addressed the question I have posed from a unique methodological perspective, thereby helping to increase empathy and open a locked door to scholars who may be interested in researching this topic. I also hope that this research will provide insights into future explorations of possible relationships of physical activity within criminal justice contexts and that it will encourage a willingness among practitioners to be more personally introspective within their work, thereby strengthening relationship bonds with the clients they serve. Through the use of stories, I hope to have illustrated the salience of both professional and personal aspects of the issue, which can easily be falsely divided.

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—D J Williams

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Chapter One

An Introduction to Adult Offender Rehabilitation

Significant gains in the area of adult offender rehabilitation have occurred over the past quarter century since Martinson's (1974) famous edict of "nothing works" turned the corrections field upside down. Lösel (1995) pointed out that there are now 13 quantitative reviews of the literature evaluating offender rehabilitation that represent several hundred studies. The average effect size across these meta-analyses, expressed in terms of the correlation coefficient *r*, is about .10, which means that corrections treatment programs reduce recidivism, defined as new criminal charges, by about 10% (Gendreau & Goggin, 1996; Lösel, 1995). Despite this modest effect size, we must remember that crime is associated with huge emotional and financial costs to society; therefore, relatively small gains in statistical significance may be associated with substantial gains in clinical significance. Furthermore, Lösel (1996) suggested that reductions in recidivism between 30 and 40 percentage points are within the realm of possibility.

Gendreau (1996; Gendreau & Goggin 1996) noted that in evaluating offender treatment programs it is necessary to look beyond program labels and "into the 'black box'" to sort out characteristics that differentiate between programs that reduce recidivism and those that do not (Gendreau, 1996, p. 149). Gendreau's (1996) extensive research on offender rehabilitation has yielded an identification of the following characteristics (some of the terms in his conclusions will be discussed shortly) associated with programs that successfully reduced recidivism (p. 149):

1. The services were intensive, usually of a few months' duration, and were based on differential association and social learning conceptualizations of criminal behavior.
2. The programs were behavioral, primarily of the cognitive and modeling type, and targeted the criminogenic needs of high-risk offenders.
3. Programs adhered to the responsivity principle, that is, they were delivered in a manner that facilitated the learning of new prosocial skills by the offenders. An example of responsivity would be the placing of impulsive, aggressive offenders in a work-token economy program and with therapists who functioned best in a structured setting.
4. Program contingencies were enforced in a firm, fair manner, with positive reinforcers greater than punishers by at least 4:1.
5. Therapists related to offenders in interpersonally sensitive and constructive ways and were trained and supervised appropriately.
6. Program structure and activities reached out into the offenders' real-world social network and disrupted the delinquency network by placing offenders in situations (i.e., among people and in places) where prosocial activities predominated.

Programs that did not reduce offender recidivism included those that primarily used psychodynamic and client-centred approaches (for reasons that are not clear) or those that focused on sociological strategies based on subcultural and labelling perspectives on crime. "Punishing smarter" programs, or those that concentrated on punishment and sanctions, such as boot camps, drug testing, electronic monitoring, and

shock incarceration are also associated with no (or sometimes a slightly increased) effect on recidivism compared to comparison groups that use little or no punishment (Gendreau, 1996; Gendreau & Goggin, 1996). Gendreau and Goggin (1996) further noted that despite such disappointing empirical results, "punishing smarter" programs have assumed a high profile and can be found in every U.S. state and parts of Canada.

In an attempt to identify principles of effective correctional treatment, Andrews and his colleagues (Andrews, 1996; Andrews & Bonta, 1994; Andrews, Bonta, & Hoge, 1990; Dowden & Andrews, 1999) have produced a useful theory, now widely accepted as being central to structuring effective programs, that intimately links assessment and treatment. These researchers maintain that effective offender rehabilitation programs address four key principles: (a) risk to reoffend, (b) criminogenic needs (need principle), (c) responsivity factors, and (d) professional override. The risk principle states, "the amount of intervention that an offender receives must be matched to his or her risk level to reoffend," while the need principle refers to targeting specific criminogenic needs of offenders—such as antisocial attitudes and behaviours toward authority, interpersonal relationships, leisure activities, peers, substance abuse issues, and employment (Dowden & Andrews, 1999, p. 439; Gendreau, 1996). The responsivity principle has to do with matching offender characteristics with treatment and therapist characteristics. Professional override suggests that "having reviewed risk, need, and responsivity considerations as they apply to a particular offender, there is a need for professional judgement," and in some cases the "application of professional judgement will, and should, override…" recommendations based on the previous principles (Kennedy, 2000, p. 19). These principles are currently at the forefront of offender rehabilitation research

and programming and provide a sound theoretical framework to those who may be interested in exploring physical activity as an adjunct to offender rehabilitation.

Whereas the research outlined so far, extensive as it is, appears to be promising, there remains much more room for investigation into "what works" regarding successful offender rehabilitation. From a European perspective, Merrington and Stanley (2000) noted that there may be additional signs (that may not always be measured) of program effectiveness—other than reconviction—such as complying with the requirements of supervision, improvements in attitude and motivation, improved social and thinking skills, finding a job, and reduced frequency and seriousness of offending.

Shaw and Hannah-Moffat (2000) observed that the popular Canadian model of offender rehabilitation, based on risk-needs-responsivity-professional override, has been constructed based on large empirical studies of white males; therefore, "what works" for women and minority groups cannot necessarily be inferred from much of the current rehabilitation literature. They also have noted that studies designed to uncover principles of effective rehabilitation, numerous as they are, were conducted with the goal of improving corrections classification systems in Western countries. These points cannot be dismissed easily, and the hesitancy to systemically and dogmatically adopt contemporary North American offender treatment programs expressed by some European scholars is understandable (Gorman, 2001; Ledger, 2001). According to one scholar who has studied correctional systems in many different countries in both the Eastern and Western worlds, correctional systems and rehabilitation efforts vary substantially in structure, depending on the particular culture (Chung, 2000; personal communication).

Williams and Strean (2002a) maintained that the Canadian model of offender rehabilitation may serve as a useful guidepost for structuring offender rehabilitation programs, but added that allowing clinical practitioners autonomy and flexibility within programs may strengthen rehabilitation efforts. They suggested individual quality of life promotion and an understanding of the stages of change, described within Transtheoretical Model (TTM, Prochaska & DiClemente, 1982), may be significant means to accomplish this. In other words, there is no need to "throw the baby out with the bathwater." It would be unwise to ignore the primary theory within the field of offender rehabilitation; but it would be equally unwise to ignore or minimize the idiographic differences between offenders in therapy. It may be helpful, then, to take a closer look at the responsivity principle.

A Closer Look at Responsivity

Because of the strong evidence supporting the need-responsivity-risk-override theory of offender rehabilitation, it may indeed be tempting for some corrections administrators to want to standardize programs. However, zealous attempts to conform to the current science of offender rehabilitation may violate a major premise of the theory itself—the responsivity principle. Bonta (1995, p. 34), the current Solicitor General of Correctional Services of Canada, wrote:

> The basic assumption underlying the responsivity principle is that offenders are not all the same. Although various categorizations attempt to minimize offender differences (such as referring to offenders by a number), individual offenders can still be identified by their intelligence, communication style, and emotionality.

Individual differences between offenders, therapists, and modes of treatment are at the heart of treatment responsivity. Not only do offenders differ in intelligence, communication abilities, and emotionality, they also differ by age, gender, culture, ethnicity, race, personality, psychiatric comorbidity, and motivation (Bonta, 1995; Kennedy, 2000; Stewart, 1995; Stewart & Cripps-Picheca, 2001). Each of these variables may be important to successful treatment outcome.

Staff Member Differences

Also within the domain of responsivity is the realization that not all corrections staff members, including counsellors and psychotherapists, are the same. Bonta (1995, p. 34) again reminded us:

> Just as offenders are different, so are staff. Look around at the people you work with and you can probably readily identify the most self-confident, impulsive or cautious. Watch these people as they interact with others and you will also see different styles. Some people like to 'talk out' problems, while others simply state the rules and enforce them.

Whereas more research examining how staff characteristics impact offender treatment outcome is needed, the available literature provides some important insights. In a two-part study conducted at an Australian maximum-security prison for males, Hobbs and Dear (2000) and Dear, Beers, Dastyar, Hall, Kordanovski, and Pritchard (2002) found that offenders would rarely approach prison officers for emotional support. A separate study conducted at a medium-security prison found that the quality of interactions between staff members and inmates influenced offender perceptions of whether incarceration functioned as punishment or rehabilitation (Patrick & Marsh,

2001). Trotter (1996, 2001) reported that probation officers who had been educated within the social work and human service disciplines had lower rates of recidivism among their clients than probation officers trained in other disciplines, including criminology. He believes formal education that teaches the development of prosocial skills, empathy for clients, and problem solving may account for his findings.

Preston (2000) suggested that clinicians vary in their abilities to establish a therapeutic alliance with offenders, which likely impacts treatment effectiveness. She also noted that clinicians within the corrections environment respond to and attribute—sometimes falsely— sources of client resistance differently. Some counsellors and psychotherapists may espouse a style that relies on intense confrontation, but such an approach may be ineffective or even counterproductive (Lambert & Bergin, 1994; Murphy & Baxter, 1997; Preston, 2000). While more research on the influence of staff variables on offender rehabilitation outcome is needed, it appears that staff members who are supportive, demonstrate empathy and prosocial skills, and maintain structure within the program are most effective in reducing recidivism.

Types of Treatment

Finally, responsivity involves selecting interventions that are appropriate for the needs and characteristics of specific offenders, often called "patient-treatment matching." Bonta (1995) believes, "Structured cognitive behavioural treatment appears to be the best approach to working with offenders—as compared to non-behavioural, more relationship-oriented approaches," but adds, "When warm, interpersonally skilled therapists provide the treatment, offenders respond even better" (p. 35). He reported a mean effect (phi) of .29 for behavioural interventions compared to a mean effect of .07

for non-behavioural treatments. Other researchers have also concluded that the cognitive-behavioural approach to treatment is key to effective offender rehabilitation (Gendreau, 1996; Henning & Frueh, 1996; Lösel, 1995, 1996).

Although it is generally accepted that cognitive-behavioural approaches to offender rehabilitation are primary, it must also be remembered that adherence to the responsivity principle involves matching services to client needs and characteristics. Other treatment approaches may certainly be offered in conjunction with cognitive-behavioural interventions, for the offender population is extremely heterogeneous. For example, after a thorough review of substance abuse treatment for offenders, Lurigio (2000, p. 514) observed, "No single drug treatment modality fits all clients." Weekes (1997, p. 12) reached the same conclusion, "Offenders treatment needs are diverse, and no one treatment is appropriate for all individuals." Careful assessment of offenders' addiction and criminal histories; physical health; prior treatment experiences; cognitive, psychological, and interpersonal functioning; social support networks; and motivation to change is crucial to effective treatment prescription (Lurigio, 2000).

Resistance and Motivation

Treatment resistance and offender motivation to engage in therapy are increasingly recognized as being crucial to effective offender rehabilitation, and fall largely within the responsivity domain (Preston, 2000; Stewart & Cripps Picheca, 2001; Stewart & Millson, 1995; Weekes, Ginsburg, & Chitty, 2001). Preston (2000) identified five possible sources of treatment resistance: (a) client, (b) treatment or techniques employed, (c) the environment, (d) the clinician, and (e) the client-clinician relationship. These sources are described in Table 1. She has noted that too often, the source of

Table 1.

Possible Sources of Resistance to Treatment Participation (Preston, 2000).

Source	Description
Client	Disorder variables, personality variables, behavioural variables, lack of motivation to change, client fears, self-serving variables
Treatment	Poor match between treatment modality / techniques and client needs
Environment	Cultural disparities, low socio-economic status, poor social support systems, treatment setting
Clinician	Clinician misattribution of resistance, clinician perceptual distortions, countertransference, amplification of resistance / problems by clinician, confrontational approach
Client-Clinician Relationship	Lack of a working therapeutic alliance

treatment resistance is attributed to client variables, such as personality or character disorders, when in fact, the resistance may stem from one or more of the other sources. When the real source of resistance is identified, programmatic adaptations may be made to enhance treatment compliance (Preston, 2000).

Additionally, rather than labelling a client as resistant, a skilled clinician may look for more covert sources of motivation toward positive behaviours and try to amplify that motivation within a rehabilitation context. The assumption that everyone, or nearly everyone, is motivated to do *something* that is considered to be healthy, is the foundation of motivational, strengths-based, and solution-focused interventions that are beginning to be applied within the corrections environment (see Clark, 1997a, 1997b; Corcoran, 1997; Miller, 1985; Van Wormer, 1999). Williams (1999, 2000a; Williams & Strean, 2002a, 2002b) suggested that having treatment staff and offenders identify aspects of their actual versus desired quality of life, within a structured pre-treatment orientation, may amplify

Table 2.

Offender Actual vs. Desired Quality of Life (adapted from Williams, 1999)

Common Actual QOL Variables	Desired QOL Variables
Incarceration / parole / probation	Freedom
Strained interpersonal relationships	Strong interpersonal relationships
Neglected children	Good parenting skills
Financial stressors	Adequate money
Employment instability	Job satisfaction
Limited education	More education
Health deterioration	Health improvement

commonalities shared by humans collectively, illustrate possible benefits of correctional programming to the individual, and thereby increase offender motivation to engage in therapy (see Table 2). This approach intervenes at the beginning stages of treatment readiness (Williams & Strean, 2002a), consistent with the TTM (Prochaska & DiClemente, 1982).

At present, research on assessing offender treatment readiness via TTM is lacking in the professional literature, although studies that utilize TTM are currently underway by the Correctional Service of Canada (Stewart & Cripps Picheca, 2001). However, TTM has been given much consideration by researchers using nonforensic samples within the areas of psychotherapy, addictions treatment, and health behaviour change, (i.e., Plotnikoff, Hotz, Birkett, & Courneya, 2001; Prochaska, DiClemente, & Norcross, 1992; Prochaska, Redding, & Evers, 1997). Motivational approaches are consistent with the treatment responsivity principle and point the direction for future research into the effectiveness of a new set of supplementary offender rehabilitation interventions.

Chapter Two

Offender Rehabilitation: Can Physical Activity Help?

Chapter One included a discussion of the primary theory, developed from an extensive empirical literature, of offender rehabilitation. The theory links principles of risk, criminogenic needs, responsivity, and professional override. It has also been shown that although outcome studies of rehabilitation programs have focused on a mostly white, male offender population within mainstream North America, there is also room within the theory (i.e., the responsivity principle) to allow practitioners to fully consider significant offender differences, including gender, cultural, and motivational variables.

Researchers and practitioners have considerable freedom to explore within the general theory, and more specific theories may be developed as knowledge of successful offender rehabilitation continues to accumulate. McNeill (2000) has described the "interrogation" that should take place between corrections practice and criminological theory within local contexts, as an important means of improving both theory and practice. In this chapter I will (a) explore what we know about physical activity in the corrections environment, (b) address the current climate of correctional recreation, and (c) propose that, in keeping with the risk-needs-responsivity-override theory of offender rehabilitation, a paradigm shift—towards congruence with criminological theory and particularly offender responsivity—take place in our approach to examining the possible benefits of physical activity to offenders.

Physical Activity and Leisure in the Corrections Environment

At present, there are few studies in the professional literature that explore physical activity within a criminal justice context. Therefore, within the rest of this chapter, I will

draw relevant knowledge from the broader concepts of leisure and recreation, although doing so yields little more information. It should be remembered that leisure is an elusive concept to define; various definitions tend to emphasize activity, time, place, or aspects of inner experience. Recreation, coming from the latin *recreatio,* which means to restore, is thus thought to have a restorative function. Because leisure, and to some degree recreation, are difficult concepts to define, studies that focus on these topics require careful interpretation.

In a conceptual paper on the topic of administering leisure services for incarcerated women, Stumbo and Little (1991) provided sound recommendations that appear relevant to not only women, but also men. These suggestions are included in Table 3. Despite these suggestions and a sound rationale behind them (which will be evident later in this chapter from a discussion of leisure as framed within criminogenic need and responsivity aspects of offender rehabilitation theory), there remain almost no empirical studies of physical activity, recreation, and leisure within a criminal justice context, and the correctional recreation profession seems to be undervalued.

Frey and Delaney (1996) observed that recreation studies, including those in therapeutic recreation, typically concentrate on noninstitutionalized populations that participate in some form of leisure in traditional settings, such as parks and community centres. Furthermore, not only are recreation studies involving "at risk" individuals typically conducted among noninstitutionalized populations, but many such studies examine juvenile, rather than adult, populations.

Table 3.

Leisure Service Delivery in Correctional Settings (Stumbo & Little, 1991).

Services should be based on principles of rehabilitation, rather than punishment.
Services should be viewed as a right, not a privilege.
Services should focus on the inmates' release from prison.
Services should be normalized to the inmates' cultural background.
Services should be individualized whenever possible.
Services should provide for individual and in-cell activities.
Services should promote choice, freedom and control, and decrease dependence.
Services should provide a variety of outlets for inmates.
Services should tie the population to the outside community.
Services should focus on providing programs to reunite families.

By their own account, Frey and Delaney (1996, p. 80) in "one of the first research efforts directed at investigating the nature of leisure participation in correctional settings," found that most offenders within Nevada prisons (N = 1,770) reported participation in passive leisure activities, such as watching television and movies, playing cards, chess, checkers, dominoes, pool and ping pong. Weightlifting was the most popular form of physically active leisure, with a participation rate of 49 %. Aguilar and Asmussen (1989) also found offenders spend more time involved in passive leisure pursuits than active ones, with weightlifting being the most popular physical activity.

Frey and Delaney (1996) concluded that there is little participation in physical activity as a form of leisure within prisons, determined by the amount of time spent in the activity per week. However, although their study provides information that is badly

needed, the validity of their conclusions regarding physical activity participation can be questioned based on their temporal classification. The degree of participation in various activities within the study was classified temporally (indicating frequency and/or duration, but not intensity) as "zero" (hours per week), "moderate" (1-10 hours), or "extensive" (more than 10 hours per week). Accordingly, an offender who lifted weights five days per week for two hours per session, would be classified within the study as "moderately" participating; when in fact, due to the nature of the activity, such an example may actually illustrate very high participation. Degree of participation in another activity in the study, jogging (39 % participation rate), was classified by the same criteria. Ten hours per week spent jogging would probably not be considered "moderate" participation (using a temporal classification) by most exercise scientists; for example, even moving at an extremely slow pace, one mile per 15 minutes, would total a distance covered of 40 miles per week.

The problem with temporal classification is illustrated by an early study of the physiological responses of jail inmates to running programs (Gettman, Pollock, Durstine, Ward, Ayres, & Linnerud, 1976). Inmates in the experimental group were randomly assigned to a one, three, or five days per week running program. Each group exercised for 30 minutes per session, thus the participants in the five days per week program exercised for a total of less than three hours per week. Pre and posttest measures on multiple physiological variables, including heart rate, blood pressure, spirometry measures, body fat, and serum lipids, were then compared via analysis of variance following 20 weeks (85 to 90% maximum heart rate) of training. Significant differences

were observed in proportion to training frequency in resting and recovery heart rates, treadmill performance time, VO_2 max, and max O_2 pulse (Gettman, et al., 1976).

The issue of temporally classifying physical activity now aside, and in light of findings by Gettman and colleagues (1976), it is important to consider the potential health and economic benefits that physical activity may provide to offender populations. Data on offenders within Canada indicate that offenders over the age of 50 are the fastest growing subgroup within the correctional system (see Gal, 2002; Grant & Lefebvre, 1994). Older offenders often have multiple health conditions—cardiovascular disease, diabetes, arthritis, hypertension and cancer are most common (Aday, 1994; Gal, 2002).

Such health problems associated with offender aging put an increased burden on society. DeLuca (1998) reported that the average cost of incarceration within the U.S. is $23,000 per year, but increases to $69,000 per year for elderly inmates. Thus, the potential beneficial effects of physical activity on inmate health deserve far more attention (Amtmann, 2001, 2003). Indeed, it was recently found that implementation of an experimental wellness program, which included regular physical activity, for offenders over the age of 40 resulted in fewer visits to the prison infirmary (compared to controls; $t = 2.59$, $p < .05$) and the participants seemed to enjoy the program (Amtmann, Evans, & Powers, 2001).

The State of Correctional Recreation

A review of the available literature today reveals the same glaring conclusion reached twenty years ago—there has been little study of recreation, including physical activity, within the corrections environment (see Calloway, 1981; Little, 1995). Calloway (1981) suggested there are three reasons for this: (a) preoccupation and

consumption of energy and resources by professionals to establish their own legitimacy through accreditation and certification; (b) misconceptions that all incarcerated individuals are violent and dangerous; and (c) that the majority of inmates are represented by racial minorities, while prison administrators and staff are primarily Caucasian. It appears little has changed in the past twenty years. Additionally, it has been correctly noted that it has been extremely difficult for researchers to gain access to conduct studies within the corrections environment, and practitioners who could conduct such studies internally often lack sufficient research skills and time (Bullock, McGuire, & Barch, 1984; Little, 1995). However, the recent emphasis on community correctional programs and intermediate sanctions for offenders should perhaps allow somewhat easier access to researchers who may be interested in conducting recreation and leisure studies within a criminal justice context.

Because of the lack of available research, the field of correctional recreation, collectively, has proceeded almost entirely from assumption. However, Frey and Delaney (1996) pointed out that it is important to realise, historically, that formal and informal recreation in prisons has been discouraged, since recreational activities and play are not compatible with a predominant perception of prisons functioning to administer punishment. Still, a prevalent perception of the function of correctional recreation has been to provide acceptable ways to displace aggressive tendencies (Bartollas, 1985; Mahon & Bulloch, 1991), although evidence to support such a belief is lacking. However, regarding strength training, a recent nonrandomized study (N=202) which employed a 2 X 3 MANOVA found that inmates who participated in regular weightlifting for eight weeks showed significant decreases on psychometric measures of

verbal aggression, hostility, and anger compared to nonexercising controls (Wagner, McBride, & Crouse, 1999).

The use of recreation as a management tool in the corrections environment has little empirical support, and appears to be an outgrowth of a much larger form of theoreticism observed within corrections that Gendreau (1996, p. 153) called "the MBA management syndrome." He observed that over the years, the criminal justice system has seen a new generation of high-level corrections administrators who are generalists with little training in the helping professions and certainly not criminal behaviour (Gendreau, 1996). He noted, "The primary qualification nowadays, it seems, is having some general experience as a manager. It also helps to be a political appointee" (p.154). The origin of "the MBA management syndrome," he believes, can be traced back to the "nothing works" credo. It seems probable that the widespread use of recreation as a tool to help manage offenders is at least partly the result of the much larger management paradigm commonly observed among criminal justice administration.

Correctional recreation risks becoming extinct, unless there is a strong shift within the field towards supporting rehabilitation and thus helping to reduce recidivism. This risk stems, in large part, from both a lack of research supporting the field and from the management paradigm that is common among correctional administrators. Polson (2002) reported that across the U.S., most state governments face serious budget problems; 45 states have revenues that are below projections and correctional departments are often early targets for cutting funding. For example, in Nebraska, funding for the entire Office of Community Justice and a large correctional facility ended on June 1, 2002 and these

services were eliminated. Similarly, educational services for offenders recently were eliminated in South Carolina due to severe budget cuts.

The time may be here when unless many state programs can effectively convince administrators of their value, programs face elimination. Despite the many current limitations (which I will address later) in truly advancing offender rehabilitation from within the practice context (see Gendreau, 1996), it remains an increasingly salient goal within the criminal justice system and does have substantial empirical support behind it from quantitative researchers. There also appears to be a potential link between leisure and the current science of offender rehabilitation. In an attempt to understand how offenders perceive quality of life and the implications of these perceptions to offender rehabilitation, Williams (in press) found that, qualitatively, a leisure theme may be linked to offender subjective quality of life, and that, quantitatively, a leisure factor is highly correlated to both social (Spearman's rho = .530, $p < .01$) and health (Spearman's rho = .461, $p < .05$) quality of life factors as measured by the Quality of Life Questionnaire (Greenley, Greenberg, & Brown, 1997). These findings support the wider view that leisure can make important contributions to general physical and mental health (i.e., Coleman, 1993; Coleman & Iso-Ahola, 1993; Driver & Bruns, 1999; Karlis & Dawson, 1994; Smale & Dupuis, 1993; Wharf-Higgins, 1995; Willhite, Keller, & Caldwell, 1999).

It appears, then, that leisure may potentially be an important component of offender subjective quality of life, which has important implications for effective rehabilitation. Therefore, research into both the therapeutic potential for correctional recreation and the possible utility of physical activity as a component to offender

rehabilitation is warranted, and the present study is an attempt to promote entry for exploration of these topics.

Rationale for Examining Physical Activity within Offender Rehabilitation

Although almost nothing is known about the inclusion of physical activity as a component of adult offender rehabilitation, there is some relevant literature, primarily relating to substance abuse treatment, to warrant an examination of this topic. In this section I will consider the few studies conducted within correctional settings along with relevant studies—such as those that focus on physical activity, or studies that included adult participants— that have been produced from non-forensic settings. Those studies which have the combined characteristics of examining juvenile (nonadult) populations *and* were conducted in non-forensic settings *and* do not focus on physical activity will not be discussed in herein.

First, regarding prevention, it has been suggested that recreation and physical activity may be used to prevent substance abuse and violence for youth populations (Burkeen & Arnold-Alson, 2001; Collingwood, 1997) and that physical education may be successfully combined with the Drug Abuse Resistance Education (DARE) program (Collingwood, Reynolds, Jester, & DeBord, 1992). However, the aforementioned studies are based primarily on anecdotal evidence and relate more to preventive measures than clinical interventions. This investigation, however, is primarily concerned with the possibility of physical activity as a treatment adjunct, rather than a preventive strategy.

Kremer, Malkin, and Benshoff (1995) reported that practicing therapeutic recreation specialists tend to believe physical activity programs are an important part of substance abuse treatment, although the response rate of their survey was low (31%),

which resulted in 50 therapeutic recreation specialists participating in the study. Furthermore, respondents worked in a wide variety of treatment facilities (inpatient, outpatient, private, government funded). Nation, Benshoff, and Malkin (1996) administered questionnaires to a random sample of 250 (response rate 40 %, N = 100) adolescent substance abuse treatment facilities from the 1992 National Directory of Drug Abuse and Alcoholism Treatment and Prevention Programs and found that about half (49 %) of the therapeutic recreation programs provided an activity / recreational program. From responses to questionnaires, the most frequently cited factors that may inhibit the development of a comprehensive therapeutic recreation program were shortage of staff (68 %), shortage of recreational resources and space (60 %), and shortage of funding for recreational services (60 %).

James and Townsley (1989) suggested activity therapy can be an important means of treating the "whole person" and can help addicted individuals learn healthy leisure pursuits. Similarly, Robertson (2000), in one of the few references directly aimed at correctional settings (juvenile population), believes leisure education may help individuals identify activities which serve as alternatives to drug use, identify acceptable outlets for stress, enhance self esteem and interpersonal skills, and develop awareness of personal needs and how to satisfy them. However, the latter two articles mentioned are conceptual articles that do not include data.

Physical activity and health promotion has been included as a primary treatment component at the Charter Hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, and the readmission rate over a three and one-half year period indicated a relapse rate of 13.3 % (Fridinger & DeHart, 1993). Despite the promise of this reported low relapse rate, the study did not utilize a

control group and the relapse rate was calculated based on readmission to the same program. In other words, it is entirely possible, if not likely, that some individuals may have relapsed, but had moved to another location or they did not seek treatment.

In another study, a substance abuse treatment program that emphasized health promotion and physical activity was associated with increased relapse prevention skills, increased self esteem and feelings of well-being, and the adoption of a healthier lifestyle among participants (Peterson & Johnstone, 1995). This study did not utilise an experimental design, but it is noteworthy, since participants were 43 female offenders who engaged in a minimum of 9 months of treatment. Improvements on health-related variables were observed based on pre- and posttests. Williams (2002a) reported high offender satisfaction (N = 50) from a substance abuse treatment program delivered within a community correctional setting that emphasized psychoeducation and health promotion, but no attempt was made to assess the effect of the health promotion component of treatment on relapse prevention. Williams and Strean (in review) produced a multidisciplinary narrative review outlining the many possible neurobiological and psychosocial risk factors common to addiction that may be impacted by participation in physical activity. Because physical activity may affect many different variables common to addiction, much more research in this area is warranted.

In an effort to improve patient-treatment matching among offenders in substance abuse treatment, Williams (2000b, 2002b) investigated whether or not offenders who are further along in their readiness to exercise, classified according to the stages of TTM (see Marcus, Rossi, Selby, Niaura, & Abrams, 1992), would complete a treatment that included physical activity. Findings suggested that those offenders who were further

along in their readiness to exercise completed the treatment program (which included exercise) at a higher rate than those less inclined to exercise, and participants reported that exercise was an important means of preventing relapse. Another important finding was that those who were not sufficiently ready to exercise, as measured by TTM, dropped out of treatment much more quickly than non-exercising controls (Yules Q between type of treatment and time of attrition = .83). The ability of exercise readiness to predict completion of traditional offender substance abuse programming that was supplemented with exercise is encouraging. However, these studies relied on small samples (20 and 42 participants, respectively), and the first study did not utilize a control group. Much more research is needed on the possible role of physical activity within a context of offender rehabilitation responsivity.

Criminological Theory and Leisure as a Criminogenic Need

Before proceeding to a discussion of the potential place for physical activity within the division of responsivity, it may first be useful to consider a much broader spectrum of possible intrinsically motivated activities—leisure—and thus perhaps indirectly physical activity, as a possible criminogenic need for some offenders (Gendreau, 1996). Stebbins (1997) noted that some specific casual activities with legal implications may be classified as "deviant leisure," but researchers within the area of leisure and recreation have not yet explored the possibility of leisure as a criminogenic need, or in other words, how such activities directly relate to offender rehabilitation theory.

It is helpful to understand leisure as a possible criminogenic need by considering theories used to explain the aetiology of criminal behaviour, but two things must be

remembered: (a) that crime is a socially defined construct (some cultures may accept certain behaviours, whereas in other cultures the same behaviours may have criminal implications), and (b) that any search for the cause of a specific human behaviour will always leave much unexplained. However, in general, criminal behaviour is believed to largely result from complex interactions of biological and social factors (i.e., Lykken, 1995; Raine, 1996). Psychological aspects of crime (e.g., criminal thinking errors) may also be viewed largely from within a biosocial framework.

Many different theories exist for understanding potential causal variables between different categories of criminal behavior. For example, specific biopsychosocial explanations for the development of chemical addictions (defined by many Western societies as within the realm of "crime") differ somewhat from scientific beliefs regarding the potential causes of sexual offending, or committing violence. There is often a degree of overlapping factors, but scholars are also aware of significant differences, particularly as one explores reductively from the level of domain, for example the biological domain, down to the microbiological level of specific genes.

However, at this point it is important to emphasize the current scientific belief that factors related to the socialization process account for most criminal behaviour, and that a true *psychopath* (a term often used interchangeably, and incorrectly, with *sociopath*) refers to an individual whose genetic phenotype is not conducive to a relatively normal socialization (Lykken, 1995). In other words, most offenders with chronic criminal histories could be classified as sociopaths, yet an extremely low percentage of offenders may be classified at the other end of the biosocial spectrum—psychopathy (Hare, 1993; Harris, Skilling, & Rice, 2001; Lykken, 1995).

It should be of no surprise, then, from either an empirical or a "common sense" perspective, that offender rehabilitation programs that address and help correct socialization, should prove more effective than harsh, punitive approaches that too often seem to be favoured among the general public (see Roberts & Stalans, 1997; Tonry, 1999). It seems there are plenty of "living room experts" who already have the answers to crime, and unscholarly literature supporting increased offender punishment is readily available and frequently advertised to the public (i.e., Harris, 2002). It is frustrating that while scholars favour more rehabilitation research and better collective efforts to reduce recidivism, many beliefs among the general public tend to move in the opposite direction, away from offender rehabilitation programming. Too often, corrections personnel may adhere to unfounded beliefs about the need for strict offender punishment that are common within the general public.

Robertson (2000) identified five common theories of why individuals engage in criminal behaviour that may relate to leisure: (a) Strain Theory (Merton, 1938), (b) Differential Association Theory (Sutherland, 1939), (c) Social Control Theory (Hirschi, 1969), (d) Boredom Theory (Clinard & Wade, 1966), and (e), Stimulus-Seeking Theory (Sales, 1971). While each of these theories explains aspects of socialization that may contribute to deviant behaviour, two—Boredom Theory and Stimulus-Seeking Theory—may be particularly relevant to physical activity within a biosocial perspective.

Boredom Theory (Clinard & Wade, 1966) posits that individuals may engage in deviant behaviour out of boredom; while Stimulus-Seeking Theory (Sales, 1971) holds that some individuals have a high need for sensory stimulation from their environments. These theories are closely related, since boredom susceptibility has been classified as a

category of sensation-seeking personality, which is largely determined by genetic factors (Johnsgärd, 1997; Zuckerman, 1984). In this sense, then, it may be that a genetic predisposition to sensation seeking may predispose some individuals toward criminal activity as a means of fulfilling a need at the biological level (Ellis, 1991; Harris, Skilling, & Rice, 2001; Raine, 1996). Therefore, physical activities that are inherently risky and provide high sensory stimulation, such as climbing, may appropriately address leisure as a criminogenic need (see Schrader & Wann, 1999).

To date, this possibility has not yet received adequate attention from researchers, and given a biological susceptibility toward crime via the need for sensory stimulation, the social environment determines availability and accessibility of potentially satisfying leisure activities, as well as opportunities to meet various social needs. Indeed, when sensation-producing opportunities are not available, some individuals may become bored and turn to deviant leisure activities, such as the use of alcohol or illicit substances (Iso-Ahola & Crowley, 1991; Gabriel, 1988; Patterson, Pegg, & Dobson-Patterson, 2000). Forsyth and Marckese (1993) reported the primary motivation of poachers (N=36) seemed to be the pleasure from the excitement of poaching and the outsmarting of game wardens. Csikszentmihalyi (1990, p. 69), wrote that "Criminals often say things such as, 'If you showed me something I can do that's as much fun as breaking into a house at night, and lifting the jewelry without waking anyone up, I would do it;" and crime within schools may also be partly explained by a need for students to obtain enjoyment and challenge (Csikszentmihalyi & Larson, 1978). It appears, then, that leisure can be rightly viewed as a criminogenic need, and as such, it is important for researchers and

practitioners who are interested in offender rehabilitation to view leisure within this particular perspective of offender rehabilitation theory.

Physical Activity and the Responsivity Principle

Because responsivity is concerned with appropriately matching clients to treatment modalities, and furthermore, since exercise readiness may predict positive treatment outcomes wherein physical activity is a treatment adjunct—specifically within a criminal justice context (Williams, 2000b; 2002b)—it may be fruitful to further investigate physical activity from the perspective of offender rehabilitation responsivity. The therapeutic potential for capitalizing on offender motivation to engage in physical activity should not be underestimated, since weightlifting seems to be a popular activity among offenders (Aguilar & Asmussen, 1989; Frey & Delaney, 1996). Although many offenders may not show high motivation to engage in traditional psychotherapy on their own (Williams & Strean, 2002), it is possible that they may engage in rehabilitation more quickly if traditional psychotherapy can be connected tightly to an activity wherein individual motivation to participate may be much higher. Additionally, Williams (2001a, 2001b) suggested physical activity is a means whereby individual treatment goals can be operationalized, but postulated that if activities are not strongly linked to treatment goals, then psychotherapy may be diluted.

Additional rationale for the potential benefits of applying physical activity, where appropriate, within offender populations has to do with strengths-based therapy itself, which has already been suggested as holding rehabilitative promise within criminology (Clark, 1997a, 1997b; Corcoran, 1997; Van Wormer, 1999). Consistent with the strengths-based paradigm, Life Development Intervention (LDI; Danish, Petitpas, &

Hale, 1993; 1995) posits that several life skills inherent to success in physical activity and sport are transferable to other life settings (Table 4). LDI was developed in an effort to help athletes cope with critical life events and stressful challenges by capitalizing on unrecognized personal strengths that the athlete had already developed from within the context of sport. Using the same approach, an offender who is motivated to achieve success in physical activity may be taught to recognize attributes that account for activity success, and how to apply these strengths in other life contexts.

It is important to remember that while responsivity is a broad concept and may warrant the application of many possible interventions depending on the needs and characteristics of the client, the existing literature also identifies cognitive-behavioural treatment as being central to effective rehabilitation programs (Bonta, 1995; Gendreau, 1996; Lösel, 1995, 1996). Many offender rehabilitation programs focus on getting offenders to take responsibility for their behaviour and helping offenders identify and work to eliminate clusters of specific "criminal thinking errors" (Samenow, 1984; Samenow & Yochelson, 1976; 1977; 1986), such as those shown in Table 5.

A possible explanation for the apparent popularity of weightlifting within prisons is that the activity is congruent with some specific criminal thinking errors, and thereby reinforces an "us versus them" mentality. Strength gains and changes in body morphology may reinforce perceptions of toughness that are prevalent in correctional institutions. The physical and potential psychological effects of weightlifting may possibly directly or indirectly reinforce the following criminal thinking errors: "criminal pride," "power thrust," "pretentiousness," "objectification," and "fear of fear," although

Table 4.

Examples of Life Skills that are Valuable Across Settings (from Danish, et al., 1993).

To perform under pressure
To be organized
To meet challenges
To communicate with others
To handle success
To handle failure
To accept values and beliefs of others
To be flexible in order to succeed
To be patient
To take risks
To make a commitment and stick to it
To know how to win
To know how to lose
To work with people that you don't necessarily like
To respect others
To have self control
To push yourself to the limit
To recognize your limitations
To compete without hatred
To accept responsibility for your behaviour
To be dedicated
To accept criticism and feedback in order to learn
To evaluate yourself
To make good decisions
To set and attain goals
To be able to learn
To work within a system
To be self-motivated

no research in this area could be found in the professional literature. Despite the possible link between specific criminal thinking patterns and weightlifting, this situation may provide an excellent therapeutic opportunity to "uncollapse" aspects of criminal thinking with identification with a healthy physical activity. From this uncollapsing process, perhaps it is possible to help offenders reshape identity by retaining psychological skills

Table 5.

Common Criminal Thinking Errors (from Samenow & Yochelson, 1977).

Thinking Error	Description
"I can't" stance	"I can't" means "I won't" or "I don't want to."
Lying	The most common criminal thinking error
Closed channel	Lying by omission, or telling only part of the truth
Pretentiousness	Feelings of superiority
Uniqueness	Offender's belief that his situation or reason for committing crime is unusual
Power thrust	Any verbal or nonverbal intimidation
Victim stance	Avoiding responsibility for criminal behaviour by acting like a victim (including a victim of the correctional system)
Good person stance	Avoiding responsibility for criminal behaviour by focusing attention on one's positive behaviours
One way trust	The offender expects trust from others, but does not trust others
Lack of initiative	Looking for the "easy way" to attain desires
Criminal pride	Bragging about one's criminal behaviour
Lack of empathy	Failure to feel what others, particularly victims, feel

associated with the activity, while discarding cognitions associated with criminality (see Stryker, 1987).

Offenders may respect or trust practitioners more quickly due to the practitioners' knowledge of a valued behaviour (i.e., weightlifting), which may help to initiate formation of the therapeutic alliance. This possibility itself warrants exploration, for a strong therapeutic alliance is crucial to therapy compliance and outcome (Horvath, 2001;

Horvath & Symonds, 1991; Lambert & Barley, 2001; Martin, Garske, & Davis, 2000). In their extensive review of the literature on therapeutic alliance and psychotherapy outcome, Lambert and Barley (2001) reported that a great deal of outcome variance (40%) is attributable to factors outside of therapy, while client-therapist relationship factors (i.e., warmth, empathy, positive regard, therapist style) accounts for 30% of outcome variance. The remaining variance (30%) is split evenly between expectancy factors (placebo effect) and specific therapeutic techniques.

This important knowledge on therapeutic alliance and treatment outcome is particularly relevant to the present investigation for two reasons, including the potential of physical activity as a common value between some therapists and some clients (and may thus build rapport), and because of the nature of the autoethnographic methodology itself, which encourages a deep exploration of personal identities. An important issue for future research is to determine if and how the common value of physical activity between practitioner and offender affects therapeutic alliance. For example, offenders who regularly engage in physical activity may perhaps trust a clinical practitioner who shares this value and is knowledgeable about it.

With sufficient trust, a skilled practitioner may be able to help shift psychological appraisal of the activity from a criminal perspective to a healthy, life-skills perspective (including LDI), which facilitates the overall rehabilitation effort. In this sense, physical activity may provide an excellent experiential learning tool that is consistent with contemporary cognitive-behavioural offender psychotherapy. Group activities may also be used as a form of experiential learning (Dozier, Lewis, Kersey, & Charping, 1978), and it has recently been suggested that the process of learning sport games progresses

sequentially from educational to cognitive to a behavioural emphasis, is thus similar to the process of offender rehabilitation, and may provide useful analogies to treatment (Williams, Strean, & Garcia Bengoechea, 2002). It appears that physical activity may perhaps strengthen or reduce criminality to one degree or another depending upon specific offender and programming characteristics, but that it may have potential as a clinical adjunct.

Research Problem and Purposes of this Study

There appears to be good rationale warranting the investigation of physical activity as an adjunct to offender rehabilitation, and it must be remembered that even relatively small advances in the reduction of recidivism pay substantial benefits to society, both financially and in terms of an improved collective quality of life. However, as others have also observed (Calloway, 1981; Little, 1995) and has been noted by the few studies described in this chapter, there has been little study of recreation, including physical activity, within the corrections environment, and virtually no research examining potential rehabilitative properties of physical activity. Working from the foundation of offender rehabilitation theory, established from common factors of several hundred empirical studies, there are several ways that physical activity could possibly complement individual offender rehabilitation to reduce recidivism. We simply need to conduct the research in order to know.

Barriers to Physical Activity and Correctional Recreation Research

Barriers to research in this area have also been noted, including misconceptions regarding offender violence, racial differences between offenders and prison staff, and difficulties for researchers to gain access into correctional environments (Bulloch,

McGuire, & Barch, 1984; Calloway, 1981; Little, 1995). However, these obstacles may be viewed as outgrowths from a much larger barrier that is perhaps the most significant problem within criminology today. The future progress of offender rehabilitation, including the exploration of new ideas such as the use of physical activity, may be largely determined by our ability to remove this barrier, commonly known as the perceptual phenomenon of "us vs. them," from the path towards increased success.

"Us vs. Them" Mentality

Scholars within the field of offender rehabilitation have observed that despite enormous advances in knowledge, many professionals involved in criminal justice tend to accept or reject knowledge based on their own personal values, experiences, or specific training paradigms (Andrews & Bonta, 1994; Gendreau, 1996). It has been observed that in the world of corrections, there is:

> A bewildering array of disciplines, e.g. criminology, economics, law, management, psychiatry, psychology, social work, and sociology, and occupations—academics, administrators, clinicians, and the police—(that) are all competing in an unseemly fashion for the holy grail of intellectual hegemony. (Gendreau, 1996, p. 151).

Such an array of players representing various disciplines can be a valuable strength that may stimulate discussion, increase knowledge and understanding, and thus promote progress. However, when competing professional disciplines are discounted, ridiculed, and persons (any persons) disrespected and dehumanised, then progress remains limited and somewhat elusive. Although an "us versus them" mentality is commonly observed among offenders toward correctional staff and among the law-abiding public (Bhui,

2002), unfortunately such a rigid mentality seems also to occur in the reverse direction, and additionally between disciplines and occupations. These strong divisions seem to be pervasive within the corrections environment.

Regarding the significance of the "(good) us versus the (evil) them" mentality between offenders and correctional staff, a landmark study, the Stanford Prison Experiment, conducted over two decades ago and described by Zimbardo (1999) sheds light on the prison environment and how quickly and severely dehumanisation can occur. In this study, healthy college students were randomly assigned as "prisoners" or "guards" in an environment that was constructed to closely resemble actual prison conditions. Despite the initial absence of psychopathological symptoms among the participants, the study had to be terminated after only six days (it was scheduled to last 20 days) because of severe and rampant dehumanisation, the development of a variety of psychopathological signs and symptoms among "prisoners," and escalating abuse perpetrated by some "guards."

Zimbardo (1999) noted that many participants quickly lost contact with their healthy identities while taking on identities associated with their new roles. He even admitted that he himself began to lose contact with his role as a research psychologist due to his position in the experiment as a prison administrator, and that the project was terminated after observations from a visiting psychologist, who came to observe the experiment. Zimbardo's conclusion was that many ordinary, "healthy," individuals can be quickly transformed depending on their specific roles in an authoritarian environment. Such research has led to increased debate among psychologists as to the nature of the prison environment itself (Benson, 2003).

The "us versus them" mentality, based on differing roles and ideologies, is the primary barrier to progress within the field of offender rehabilitation (Andrews & Bonta, 1994; Gendreau, 1996), and logically therefore, appears to be a primary barrier to researchers examining the therapeutic potential of physical activity (as a treatment adjunct) within offender rehabilitation. I have faced this barrier and have been a participant in its drama, both as a therapist and researcher, at various times when I have attempted to utilize physical activity as a clinical adjunct within offender rehabilitation. While some personnel within the corrections environment have been supportive, many others have been sceptical and seem to believe that offenders should not have the privilege of participating in physical activity. On a large scale, there has been a recent political effort across the U.S. to reduce or eliminate inmate privileges, including many forms of recreation, which may include physical activity (Finn, 1996; Polson, 2002).

The research problem, as has been described in the context of the literature that has been reviewed herein, involves the "us vs. them" barrier, which functions to prevent exploration of new approaches to potentially improving offender rehabilitation (in this case, through the utilization of physical activity). The primary research question is: How does storying multiple identities of self facilitate navigation of the "us vs. them" mindsets in physical activity and offender rehabilitation? The "us vs. them" mentality may be viewed an outgrowth of the concept of self vs. other (see Crotty, 1998), which will be further illustrated in the next chapter. Autoethnographic research is a way of blurring such distinctions, and writing, as a form of inquiry, is an effective way to learn new and important insights about a topic (Richardson, 2000).

My hope is that this personal investigation, in the form of self-narrative, may be successful in helping negotiate the "us versus them" barrier and perhaps provide insights into generating additional physical activity research that rely on more traditional research methodologies. Two important considerations are necessary. First, a qualitative method is needed, for rich description of experience is needed if empathy is to be generated and "us vs. them" barriers reduced. Second, a method is needed that encourages professionals to attend to the problem—in other words, that utilizes a participant (s) from within the "us" group. It may be easy for some correctional personnel to dismiss the results of qualitative research, even if it is emotionally powerful, from offender participants because, after all, the participants were criminals and the perception persists (from a punishment-based context) that perhaps offenders deserve emotional pain since they committed crime. According to Ward and Stewart (2003), this perception is so widespread that it likely has prevented more effective treatment models from being developed.

Autoethnography is advantageous to many other methods for both of the above reasons—it can provide rich description of experience and it capitalizes on the experience of an insider, although the insider is largely taking the role of the other (Ellis & Bochner, 2000). It is possible that because of the self-narrative methodology selected for the present investigation, the subsequent findings may have direct relevance not only to future physical activity research in corrections environments, but also efforts to improve adult offender rehabilitation, in general.

Chapter Three

Methods: Assembling Stories of Self

Attempting to tackle the problem of the many competing disciplines, occupations, roles, and identities within the criminal justice environment and how these divisions may prevent future progress in the field, is a difficult and always incomplete task. Furthermore, any attempts by researchers hoping to investigate the potential contributions of physical activity within offender rehabilitation are presently limited by these same divisions. Therefore, the method needed to address this major, multidivisional problem, has been considered carefully.

The self-narrative, or autoethnography, presented herein largely draws from a subjectivist form of epistemology. For the purposes of this project I will use the terms *autoethnography* and *self-narrative* (or *narrative of self*) interchangeably following a basic definition provided by Sparkes (2000, p. 21), that "(Autoethographies or narratives of self) are highly personalized accounts that draw upon the experiences of the author/researcher for the purposes of extending sociological understanding." Sparkes (2000, p. 21) further noted that autoethnographic/self narrative research is "located at the boundaries of disciplinary practices and raises questions as to what constitutes proper research." My specific use of autoethnography, or self-narrative research, will be explained further within this chapter.

Self-Narrative Research

Recently there has been an interest in the human sciences as a mode of understanding that reflects a shift from the logical-experimental social science, which has been the traditional method of study, towards an experience-near study of the personal or

social past (Cohler, 1994). Both of these forms of study yield valuable knowledge, yet each form helps to answer questions that differ epistemologically, ontologically, and therefore philosophically. Traditional science has largely assumed an objectivist epistemology and thus a positivist theoretical framework (Crotty, 1998), yet this foundation has been challenged to one degree or another by the works of a number of scholars, including Kuhn (1970) and Feyerabend (1987). While Kuhn (1970) observed that rapid advancements of knowledge within disciplines tend to originate from new scholars who are less immersed in the dominant paradigm, Feyerabend (1987) noted that many important discoveries did not occur solely through strict observance to the scientific method, but happened as a result of accidents or by a combination of proper methods and unpredictable (extra-methodological) factors.

Increasingly, language is recognized to be at the heart of the epistemological debate, because the way it is used shapes the unique perception of reality (Richardson, 2000; Sparkes, 1995). Sparkes (1995, p. 159) wrote:

> In keeping with the linguistic or rhetorical turns in social theory influenced by postmodernism/poststructuralism, language is no longer seen as a transparent medium through which the world may be experienced and expressed. Similarly, neither speech nor writing is taken to furnish a privileged, neutral mechanism of representation…Language, therefore, is a constitutive force that creates a particular view of reality.

Despite a realization of the function of language as the means of creating particular views of reality, I do not want to underestimate the tremendous fruitfulness of traditional science, which relies on a logical-experimental approach to inquiry, nor do I

wish to detract from the utility of other methods that flow from other epistemological foundations. However, for certain problems and research questions, an experience-near form of research may also produce valuable knowledge, generate additional questions, and work in concert with more traditional methods to improve the human experience. In other words, for me the question is not about "replacing" traditional methods, but is more about supplementing existing knowledge that has been gleaned from traditional methods with new understanding that utilises alternative ways of knowing (see Gergen, 2001).

It is important to point out that many traditional qualitative methods also tend to function largely according to the logical-experimental, or "experience distant," approach, with the researcher consciously trying to stay alert to his or her own biases and how these may contaminate results (Geertz, 1979; Sands, 2002; Sparkes, 1998). While these methods are often thought to be useful at reducing the interpretive filters of the researcher, the researcher still, to some degree, writes himself or herself into the account (often unknowingly) of describing "reality" based on choice of topic and decisions of how to represent and reconstruct social worlds, actors, scenes, and action (Coffey & Atkinson, 1996; Peshkin, 1988). Thus, Sparkes (2002a) has described different categories of "tales" that researchers may use to represent their findings, including the more traditional and familiar "scientific" and "realist" tales, along with more obvious subjectivist tales, such as autoethnography, poetry, and ethnodrama (Sparkes, 2002a). In explaining science in relation to other categories of tales, Sparkes (2002a, p. 37) wrote that alternative ways of representation "need to be seen as a rejection of scientism and not of science and scientific tales per se."

Self-narrative can be a useful, experience-near form of inquiry, wherein researchers draw from their own experiences for the purposes of analysis and new understanding of phenomena. It should not be surprising, then, that the multiple forms of autoethnography (for an extensive list see Ellis & Bochner, 2000) have been, and still are, debated as to their scholarly merits and credibility. However, it has been pointed out that because different epistemological and ontological assumptions underlie specific forms of inquiry, attempts at imposing universal criteria to determine scholarship become invalid (Sparkes, 1991, 1995, 1998, 2000). More will be said regarding judging autoethnography later in this chapter.

The legitimacy issue of experience-near research (specifically, drawing from one's own experiences), including self-narrative, may be at least partially resolved by considering an analogy from the quantitative arena. For most statistical relationships, multicollinearity among numeric data (independent variables) is problematic and invalidates linear regression models ($Y = a + b_1X_1 + \ldots b_jX_j + e$) because of an inflated prediction of the dependent variable; however, there are situations where multicollinearity is desired and produces valid new knowledge—for example, when the researcher is looking for common variance that forms factor structures. In such situations, the same statistical relationships that invalidate many forms of quantitative analysis are used to validate other quantitative concepts, depending on the nature of the research question, which drives an appropriate method and specific statistical tests.

The same could be said for qualitative forms of inquiry. The legitimacy of the particular qualitative method used, including forms of self-narrative, is dependent on specific research questions and problems, along with an appropriate line of reasoning for

applying various forms of qualitative methods (see Strean, 1998). A primary consideration regarding the scholarly merits of a particular narrative has been succinctly and aptly put by Tsang (2000, p. 55), who reminded us when explaining her own self-narrative of participating in high performance sport, that "there is method to this madness." To further clarify, there is a line of reasoning flowing from the research problem to a possible solution, or from a question to a possible answer. However, it should be remembered that the logical application of an appropriate method is perhaps an essential consideration for scholarship within the social sciences, the application of the method is by no means a guarantee that a problem will be solved through the use of that method (see Feyerabend, 1987).

Indeed, current knowledge of offender rehabilitation (and criminology, in general) is based almost exclusively on quantitative methods, which tend to flow from positivist and postpositivist assumptions. This knowledge is precious and has led to many improvements in the structure and delivery of offender treatment programming and subsequent reduced crime (and thus reduced human suffering) within communities. Nevertheless, despite the positivist tradition, there are additional methods that can also shed light on important issues, help solve research problems, and lead to improvements in offender services. Such is the case with the present project. In discussing the future of empirical psychological science from within a context of postmodernism, Gergen (2001, p. 808) wrote:

> Here, it is essential to point out that although they are highly critical—on conceptual and ideological grounds—there is nothing within the postmodern critiques that is lethal to this (empirical) tradition. As I have pointed out, the

> postmodern critiques are themselves without foundations; they constitute important voices but not final voices....The point of postmodern critique, in my view, is not to annihilate tradition but to give all traditions the right to participate within the unfolding of dialogues.

According to Gergen (2001), various research methods, both quantitative and qualitative, are not necessarily exclusive, but can coexist to further human understanding of complex phenomena. In this sense and consistent with Strean's (1998) discussion on the possibilities of many qualitative methods that can be applied to enriching understanding of phenomena, there is no definitive methodological answer to uncovering "truth," only multiple methods to increase understanding.

Peshkin (1993) reminded us that the outcome of qualitative research is more important than its methods, and has described a wide range of good results that "are the fruits of qualitative research" (p. 28). In keeping with this spirit, Ellis and Bochner (2000) wrote that therapeutic consequences, morals, and discovering new possibilities are important potential contributions of personal narrative scholarship. Furthermore, regarding social science, they asked, "Why should caring and empathy be secondary to controlling and knowing?" (p. 746). This emphasis on outcome, rather than methods, is consistent with recent calls for an expanded definition of scholarship (Feingold, 1994, 1997; Halpern, Smothergill, & Allen, 1998; Kelly, 1989; Piper, 2002).

Regarding the consideration of self-narrative as a form of scholarship, there are currently no commonly agreed upon standards by which to evaluate narrative attempts. After successfully publishing an autoethnography in a respected qualitative research journal, Sparkes (2000) described the differing opinions from reviewers of his

manuscript. In contemplating his experience, he apparently agreed with what has been suggested by Barone (1995), that he could have put more trust in the reader and "let the story work on its own," rather than sandwiching the story between two sections of heavy theorizing (Sparkes, 2000, p. 28).

For others who may seem to favor the tradition of keeping universal criteria for judging scholarship (Atkinson, 1997; Atkinson & Silverman, 1997), personal narrative is useful only when it is subjected to cultural criticism, theorizing, or analysis. Indeed, Rinehart (1998) suggested there may soon be an academic backlash against vulnerable self-narrative writing, since the self has traditionally been viewed as a contaminant within social science research. If the self is viewed as a contaminant to social science, then writing about the self may perhaps be labelled as self-indulgent or narcissistic (Mykhalovskiy, 1996). However, Mykhalovskiy (1996) pointed out that the view of writing about the self is narcissistic or self-indulgent asserts that the author is concerned with the writer and is not writing about anyone or anything else. He reminded us (p. 141) that "to write individual experience is, at the same time, to write social experience." In other words, the self is not an isolated entity apart from others, but is inherently connected to, and largely constructed from, the larger social and cultural environment. If writing about the self is viewed simply as self-indulgent or narcissistic, then one could just as easily argue that case study research may reflect a pathological idolisation of a researcher toward a particular individual, and is thus bereft of scholarly value; or perhaps that a researcher studying small groups does so simply because he or she has a personal fixation on particular group members. To me, while either illustration may or may not be "true," a strict adherence to such assumptions is ludicrous. Instead, to echo Peshkin

(1993) and Strean (1998), perhaps the critical question of all research, autoethnography included, is what new information is provided and how does it compare within the context of the rest of the scholarly literature?

For now, judging autoethnography appears to be an ongoing task of researchers. Van Maanen (1988) indicated that reliability and validity are overrated criteria, whereas apparency and verisimilitude are underrated criteria. Connelly and Clandinin (1990) also suggested the latter two criteria may be appropriate standards for judging narrative research. Ellis (1995) asserted self-narrative is best judged by asking whether or not the storytelling is authentic, believable, and possible. She believes the "generalizability" of the work is determined by whether it speaks to the reader about his or her experiences, perhaps a way of tapping into some commonalities of human experience (Ellis, 1995), while Frank (1995) wants his version of autoethnography to touch the lives of his readers.

For this particular project, the criteria provided by Ellis (1995) appear to be appropriate. Some questions that the reader may ask are: Is the storytelling authentic? Are the stories believable and possible? Do they seem to reflect psychological functioning that is possible (or perhaps probable) from the time and context of the reported events? Do they tap into some commonalities of human experience? Do the stories add something of value to the existing literature on the topic? Do they show subtle tensions between personal and professional voices? Since this project is a doctoral dissertation, it is also appropriate to ask how this project will contribute to the scholarly goals and development of the author?

My Use of Narrative in This Investigation

There are many uses of the term "narrative," which, in this case, describes my method of inquiry, while the "stories" I tell describe the phenomena (see Clandinin & Connelly, 1994). Regarding life stories, Kurtz, Tandy, and Shields (1999, p. 171) wrote:

> We all have stories of our life experiences. Some of these stories we tell to others, and some we keep private. From a social constructionist point of view, these stories are much more than simply the mirroring of life. Instead, metaphorically speaking, people live their lives by stories…

Because people tend to live their lives by stories and these stories are processes by which meaning is constructed, my use of self-narrative within this investigation gets at the heart of the making of meaning, or perhaps more accurately, possible meanings. In this sense, my narrative acts, to some degree (particularly by including physical activity experiences), as a reflexive ethnography by focusing on a subculture and examining self-other interactions (Ellis & Bochner, 2000). Primarily, however, I am writing an evocative personal narrative, wherein I invite the reader into my world to participate actively in a personal relationship with me, the author (Ellis & Bochner, 2000). In this sense, my goal is to write meaningfully and evocatively about a topic that matters and may make a difference from an ethic of care and concern (Ellis & Bochner, 2000). Care and concern are essential to the establishment of therapeutic alliances within psychotherapy, including psychotherapy within forensic settings.

It is important to remember that self-narratives are subjective, are interpreted subjectively, and are temporally and contextually specific and dependent (Cohler, 1994). In my case, I am writing from a perspective of a white, middle-class male who was raised

in a rural and highly religious American community. I am also a social science researcher who is interested in the clinical benefits of physical activity, and I am a social worker who was hired by a mental health agency to provide contracted services for the Utah Department of Corrections. As a social worker, I seek to adhere to the ethics and values of my profession, including the advocacy of client self-determination, well-being and overall social justice. However, there are times when such professional values clash with those of the correctional department that has contracted my services and it becomes difficult, if not impossible to reconcile these differences. All of these factors have shaped and continue to shape my experiences and my interpretations of experiences. Similarly, readers' interpretations of narratives are influenced by their own cultures, histories, and socio-demographics and positions within society.

Indeed, like other texts, there are many possible (and no "correct") interpretations of autoethnography. Still, in a general sense, isn't optimal offender rehabilitation about the process of helping individuals develop alternative interpretations of events, leading to the creation of new meaning to broken lives (restorying), which then contributes to emotional growth, new ways of living and improved quality of life? From this perspective, my method appears to be congruent with my topic.

Voices, Selves, and Identities

Stryker's (1987) theory of identity assumes that self-concept is composed of many different "identities" (i.e., loving parent, skilled worker, successful bodybuilder) and that these identities are organized based on salience or importance. The more salient the identity, the more influence that component will have on the self-concept of the individual, and the more likely he or she will seek out opportunities to act regarding that

identity. It is from this useful theoretical perspective that we may consider many identities corresponding to various selves all within the single, organising self. This is a particular strength of autoethnography, to empower many different selves, some which may not be as visible as others yet just as profound, and their respective voices (see Bochner, 1997; Sparkes, 2002b).

Consistent with the works of Bochner (1997, 2001) and Sparkes (2002), there are many voices, emanating from various identities (and thus selves), which are present in self-narrative. To this point, I have written primarily from the voice of researcher, for it is in this context that I employ a self-narrative method. Because this project is a doctoral dissertation, the structure of this investigation (similar to the description by Sparkes, 2000) is framed from an academic identity, which provides increased clarity, logic, and understanding to the reader (see Tsang, 2000).

As I have noted, knowledge in offender rehabilitation has accumulated from quantitative methods and is thus represented in the traditional scientific format. Accordingly, I have largely written from the third person, attempting to persuade the reader regarding the significance of the research problem from the traditional academic, experience-distant voice. However, even the decision to structure this project accordingly perhaps was influenced somewhat by the social work cliché, "begin where the client is," which in this case may be reworded as, "begin where the audience (reader with a correctional recreation/rehabilitation interest) is." Since the offender rehabilitation field is dominated by the use of quantitative methods and my topic involves rehabilitation, it makes some sense to build from that knowledge base in a traditional style that is likely to be familiar to a wider range of readers. It is also noteworthy to

mention that, as a researcher within the area of offender rehabilitation, my knowledge of the field also is based primarily on quantitative methodology. However, since the method of this project involves emphasis on personal voice, it is necessary for a stylistic shift to occur that will empower, rather than distance, that voice.

Each of us has a personal voice, which may often conflict with the academic self. As Bochner (1997, p. 421) pointed out after describing how his academic and personal worlds "collided" at the death of his father, "The sad truth is that the academic self frequently is cut off from the ordinary experiential self. A life of theory can remove one from experience, make one feel unconnected. All of us inhabit multiple worlds."

It is important perhaps to mention that I have different roles within the academic setting itself. One of my functions is that of being a "student," which is different from that of being an "expert." Recently these differing parts of me have battled, for example, when I was asked to give a keynote presentation at a national conference. The "expert" said yes, while my "student" self-talk was "you're not an expert; you're still just a student; what are you doing!" My academic affiliations also compete, at times, according to discipline. My educational degrees are in psychology, social work, and exercise and sport science, and my doctoral program is physical education and recreation; yet my publications are largely within the criminology literature. Furthermore, am I a quantitative or a qualitative researcher? I don't seem to fit exclusively into either group, yet I prefer such flexibility and movement between categories, and an adequate knowledge of methods from both areas seems necessary for my long-term research goals, which centre on discovering knowledge in an area wherein scholarly knowledge is scant.

Not only do I have different aspects to my self academically; I am also a psychotherapist, a father, a concerned citizen, a friend, a son, and so forth. Each of these identities has a voice, and my singular "voice" is certainly a blending of these many voices (Ronai, 1992). The voices that flow from my other identities, unlike the predominant academic voice, are generally more intimate and experiential, and provide flavour to life. Furthermore, I have found within the correctional environment that there is frequent and intense competition among my fragmented selves and their voices. For example, the first time entering a maximum-security prison awakened several competing identities, while hollow, academic descriptions of the correctional system from my professional training were drowned by other inner voices evoking intense emotions. Refusing to acknowledge these voices and how they may play out in issues pertaining to offender rehabilitation is itself a crime.

Like others (e.g., Bochner, 1997, 2001; Coles, 1989; Sparkes, 2002b), I have found that sometimes voices from within professionalism lead to a silencing of other voices. Interestingly, one professor and two psychotherapists, when learning of my interest in investigating quantitatively the potential benefits of physical activity as an adjunct to substance abuse treatment, privately confided to me that exercise had helped them overcome their own substance abuse problems. Nevertheless, these individuals requested that I not reveal their names for fear of repercussions to their professional reputations. Perhaps this is yet another example of how a hierarchy of identities leads to an "us vs. them" barrier that exists within a professional arena—respected professionals cannot be lowered to the status of ordinary humans, who have experienced (or currently experience) real human struggles, such as substance abuse. In these, and likely many other similar

cases, professionalism, and the identity associated with it, seems to impose a heavy cover on some less than pleasant aspects of personal realities, which may greatly impact other "lower" identities.

Sofaer (1999) wrote that an important function of qualitative research is to "give voice" to those who are rarely heard. While giving voice may be interpreted to apply to specific, largely underserved, populations, perhaps it is also possible that giving voice applies to recognizing the many covert, but powerful, voices that stem from various identities within the self. Therefore, my narrative speaks from, and intends to empower, several voices that may relate to offender rehabilitation and physical activity within offender rehabilitation.

Ambiguity and Blending

Directly related to the notion of many selves, identities, and voices within me, is a larger concept of ambiguity and blending. Just as any one of my "voices" is a collection of many others, so, too, is there ambiguity and blending within disciplines, functions, and even jargon used in some of my descriptions. Ambiguity and blending reflects the general postmodernism movement. Although "postmodernism is the slipperiest of terms," Crotty (1998, p. 183-185) wrote that "postmodernism commits itself to ambiguity, relativity, fragmentation, particularity, and discontinuity." He even added that it delights in play, irony, pastiche, excess—even 'mess.'"

For an example of ambiguity and blending within disciplines that obviously relates to the topic of this project, at first glance it may seem the world of physical activity and sport has little to do with criminology, yet borrowing language from sport and physical activity can be helpful for offenders to understand rehabilitation concepts

(Williams, 2002c; Williams, Strean, & Garcia Bengoechea, 2002). For example, life can be viewed as a game, with players, coaches, strategies, the need for conditioning and practice, and specific skills; and these components may vary depending on which "game of life" one is playing—or wants to play (Williams, 2002c; Williams, et al., 2002).

Furthermore, cross-contextual skills of physical activity and sport that are described by LDI (Danish, et al., 1993; 1995) may be particularly useful within offender rehabilitation, and are consistent with strengths-based interventions of psychology and social work (Clark, 1997a, 1997b; Corcoran, 1997; Van Wormer, 1999) and the responsivity principle within criminology (Andrews, et al., 1990; Bonta, 1995).

Another example of ambiguity and blending relates to the role of narrative from a research perspective and a therapeutic perspective. Although the philosophical positions behind the roots of narrative therapy differ somewhat from those of the self-narrative research that I am describing herein, there is a degree of practical overlap. Ellis and Bochner (2000, p. 760) have even suggested that perhaps psychotherapists may be thought of as "ethnographers of the self." I also include this example because of its relevance to the topic of offender rehabilitation and because of the differing roles, those of researcher and psychotherapist, in which I often participate.

To this point, I have discussed narrative as a form of research inquiry, which can take a variety of forms depending on the research problem and questions. However, narrative has recently become a somewhat distinct form of psychotherapy, particularly within a context of treating families (Kurtz, Tandy, & Shields, 1999; White & Epston, 1990). The dominant story of a troubled individual or family is saturated with problems, disempowerment, and pathological descriptions of characters. The psychotherapist

encourages the telling of these stories, then through curious questioning, helps the client attend to *other* features that were absent in the original story. These exceptions can be used to develop alternative stories, create new meanings, and subsequently new ways of behaving.

Through the psychotherapeutic narrative process, it is important for therapists to view clients as experts in their own lives, validate meaning given to problem stories, and assist them to develop alternative stories (Kurtz, Tandy, & Shields, 1999). A major strength of narrative therapy is its perspective that problems arise from meanings and interpretations, while individuals and families are not recognized as problems (Laird, 1994; Schwartz, 1999; White & Epston, 1990). Similarly, from a research perspective, the many disciplines, occupations, and roles (which play out competitively as a form of "us vs. them") within criminal justice is itself not a problem; in fact, it is a community strength. The success and progression of the restorative justice movement is dependent on the collaborative efforts of multiple professions (see Bazemore, 1998; Benzvy-Miller & Schacter, 2000; Roach, 2000). Our "us vs. them" problem arises from conflicting assumptions, rigid interpretations and narrow meanings, which prevents a unified, collective effort, and therefore, limits potential progress.

The roots of narrative therapy, as a distinct form of psychotherapy, lie in the postmodernism movement, including the work of Foucault (1979, 1980), which focuses on the use of knowledge and power to normalize and exert control through language and labelling. Interestingly with respect to the topic of this dissertation, many of the central ideas to this normalising process came from considering the prison environment, wherein Foucault (1979) traced the socio-historical process of punishment, which moved from the

public spectacle of physical torture dictated by a monarch to the idea of improving the social utility of the condemned through various (far less visible) rehabilitative techniques, but which function to normalise through hierarchical observation, judgments, and examinations. Foucault (1979) maintains that this same normalising process also operates within other social institutions.

Although narrative therapy as a rather distinct clinical approach (although it does share foundational assumptions with solution-focused therapy) is a recent development, the overall process of modern psychotherapy, which has a history covering several decades, can also be viewed as a narrative process. Similar to researchers being unaware of writing themselves into their work (Coffey & Atkinson, 1996; Peshkin, 1993), psychotherapists have long been listening to clients' stories and helping them restory their experiences to live more fulfilling lives, although this process has not been widely recognized consciously as a narrative process.

Regarding narrative therapy, White and Epston (1990) cautioned clinical practitioners to be aware that because the therapeutic situation lies within the domains of power and knowledge, it always includes the possibility of social control and is never value-free or apolitical. Indeed, clinicians approach a treatment situation with their own narrative, which may limit or shape what they think is relevant or important in a client's story (Hart, 1995). Finally, it is necessary to recognize that intersubjectivity is an important consideration within both oral communication and written text. Cohler (1994, p. 169) wrote:

> A common experience for clinicians discussing a transcript of a therapeutic hour is to find more than one interpretation of the process reflected in the transcript of

this hour. A misunderstood effort may be made to recover the original intent of the participants during this hour, without recognition that success in this effort is in no way possible.

Despite some differences that appear visible when comparing research and practice, there seem to be many commonalities between the two, as illustrated by considering narrative as a form of research inquiry and narrative as a therapeutic approach and process. Narrative therapy, a process of reconstructing alternative meanings using existing client strengths, may be an appropriate method along with cognitive restructuring, that includes recognizing and eliminating criminal thinking patterns, for offender therapy.

From my work as a forensic psychotherapist I found that offenders' stories often tended to pivot around specific clusters of criminal thinking patterns and that new stories, which increase responsibility for criminal behaviour, can be constructed by having the offender tell a version of the original story without criminal thinking patterns built into it. I also note that, although it is possible to approach the process of identifying criminal thinking from a prescriptive standpoint (a salient power imbalance), it is perhaps both more realistic and more effective to approach such cognitions for what they are—simple cognitions that may be associated with incarceration (using language that is not prescriptive).

Functions of narrative may also be blurred from a research position, on the one hand, and from a psychotherapy position, on the other. For example, self-narrative research as a method of scholarly inquiry, may provide a therapeutic function to the researcher (see Ellis & Bochner, 2000; Nye, 1997), while psychotherapists, in the context

of clinical practice, seem to perhaps unknowingly engage in a loose form of narrative (not self-narrative) research when gathering information about their clients. Furthermore, Ellis and Bochner (2000) suggested that personal narrative concerns moral work and ethical practice, which has a place within social science. Bochner explained:

> ...I became a social scientist because I thought it was a way to address deep and troubling questions about how to live a meaningful, useful, and ethical life. Somewhere along the way these questions took a backseat to methodological rigor. (Ellis & Bochner, 2000, p. 747).

Emotionalism

Narratives are useful for evoking emotional responses from the reader through the use of literary conventions (Bochner & Ellis, 2000; Ellis, 1999; Sparkes, 1998, 2000, 2002b), and it is my hope that this project, as an evocative personal narrative, is successful in that regard. The ability to tolerate and welcome a wide-range of emotions is undoubtedly a critical component of empathy and compassion, which is an antidote for "us vs. them" mindsets. This mindset must be shaken if physical activity is to be explored as a possible adjunct to offender rehabilitation. Furthermore, crime tends to evoke emotional responses for most people. Being inside a prison for the first time, even for a visitor, is an intense emotional experience. For offenders, the experience of being locked away from society—for days, months, sometimes years—from friends and family, from their own children, is a powerful emotional experience. Being victimized is also an intense, emotional experience, which can radically change the way people live their everyday lives—and it can be an experience that never goes away. Working in a

corrections environment can be extremely stressful, and often includes making difficult decisions that can impact the core of people's futures.

Because of the intense nature of the corrections environment—among many different players—it may be easy for individuals to harness defence mechanisms, which occurs not only among offenders but also among professionals. Perhaps the quest for "the holy grail of intellectual hegemony" among various correctional occupations identified by Gendreau (1996, p. 151) reflects intellectualization as a defence mechanism on the part of professionals, protecting the more personal self from extremely difficult emotional reactions. This is an important possibility, for minimizing the intense emotion and subjectivity that may be present in a harsh environment, even through socially accepted (and reinforced) ways, does not mean that affective variance does not exist. This possibility appears to be strikingly similar to cases of "academic voices" silencing personal voices.

DiCristina (1997) observed that quantitative methods have always been emphasized within criminology doctoral degree programs, but that doctoral education in criminal justice has "gone beyond mere emphasis on quantitative methods and has become a detrimental preoccupation" (p. 181). Perhaps the time has finally arrived that, just like with statistical multicollinearity, there is a vital place for subjectivity as an appropriate research tool to explore experiential questions within the study of criminology and, specifically, offender rehabilitation.

Peshkin (1993) described the many forms of "goodness" that can come from qualitative research, such as better understanding processes, relationships, situations, systems and people; explaining and creating generalizations; developing new concepts;

providing insights; clarifying and understanding complexity; developing theory; and influencing policies. Given the prevalence of the "us versus them" mentality that exists within the corrections environment and the nature of the environment itself, there is a need for obtaining valuable knowledge through research that incorporates subjectivist methodologies.

Selecting Stories

In this chapter I have explained the epistemological and methodological rationale for the present study. My autoethnography consists of a chronological series of short personal stories, which reflects a sort of content validity in that I chose events to write about that correspond to primary aspects of criminological, psychotherapeutic, and offender rehabilitation theories—although the concept of "validity" itself is not necessarily essential or relevant to this version of autoethnography (see Sparkes, 1998). Still, it is logical to select stories that describe human events and processes that relate to the large existing literature surrounding my topic, while increasing the credibility of the project among readers with empirical backgrounds. I also considered events to restory that produced strong personal reactions (see Ellis, 1999). The stories I selected also provide a certain amount of psychosocial context regarding the role of physical activity and possible clues into its meaning at different times in my life. Therefore, my selection of stories, and their restorying, is dictated by my academic self. Through using restorying as a mode of inquiry, it may be possible to better understand common human processes that may be used to close gaps between "us" and "them" categories within the science of offender rehabilitation.

The experiences I included herein required that I relive them and then try to capture intense and often painful emotions and communicate this experience to the reader. Although such an attempt is psychologically difficult, it is also the primary strength of the research endeavour with the possibility of yielding important knowledge and contributing to the area of offender rehabilitation.

Because of this emotionally difficult process, I would not have attempted this project if I had not already previously worked through the personal issues years ago with a skilled psychotherapist. Still, the process of re-digging up a past that was sometimes lonely and horribly painful, and attempting to effectively share it with the reader was both highly difficult and stressful. I did not wish to become bogged down in it for long periods of time, which is one reason why I chose to share several short stories. My decision to share several short stories also serves the purpose of better illustrating many differing identities and the possible shifts in meaningful functions of physical activity over time, and it creates gaps where information and interpretation are held back so that readers can insert their own experience and personal meaning within the context of the overall narrative (see Richardson, 2000).

In my efforts to relive experiences associated with the stories more accurately (in a historical and psychological sense), I revisited specific places where these events occurred; refered to photographs, school yearbooks and other artefacts; and listened to music that was popular during the particular time in which the events of each story occurred, in order to trigger memories and emotions. However, Ellis and Bochner (2000) pointed out that a dominant story at a particular time is always far from a representation of "truth" (in an objectivist sense). In other words, I have sought *a degree* of historical

accuracy (so far as the events occurred when I claim that they did) and psychological accuracy (so far as to capture some of the original meaning) in restorying while recognizing, epistemologically, that any original story or account cannot ever be, or even be close to, what might be considered by some to be a positivist reality (which may not exist) and therefore, neither is any effort at restorying.

Criticisms regarding the ability of the autoethnographer to fully separate and then describe parts of him or herself as subject and researcher may be legitimate from the assumption that language is a neutral or transparent medium of communication, but if language is inexact, has slippage, and is inextricably connected to the subjective experience of the individual, then such criticism is not necessarily relevant (Ellis & Bochner, 2000; see also Gergen, 2001). This does not mean that it is futile for autoethnographers to try to distinguish between parts of themselves and to disentangle components of lived experience, but rather acknowledges that all attempts at such separation are necessarily incomplete due to the function of language in creating and shaping reality (Bochner & Ellis, 2000). In this sense, as Richardson (2000, p. 930-931) pointed out, there is no such thing as "getting it right," only "getting it" differently contoured and nuanced.

The titles of my included stories, along with their brief descriptions will now follow. Each story obviously has "us vs. them" undertones, but some are more overt than others. However, beneath the details of the events and roles illustrated within the stories, there are common human experiential processes along with intense emotions that define us as a species, while seeking to mine the empathy that is needed to help lower the "us vs. them" barrier. Although the stories could have been structured differently, I chose to

include them sequentially and chronologically primarily for reflexive ethnographic purpose of illustrating the changing meaning of physical activity at different points in my life, but also to lend coherence to the overall autoethnography. Consistent with how authors of evocative narratives use fiction-writing techniques, the titles I selected allow the reader to engage with the story, consider plots, and to explore multiple meanings and possibilities (Richardson, 2000).

The Map

This story is based on a map of my hometown that I sketched as an adolescent in the summer of 1981. My "gang" used the map to plot criminal activities, and, like other gangs, my little group created a sense of belongingness, had identifiable leadership, and used symbolism to reinforce pride (see Anderson, Mangels, & Dyson, 2001). Story descriptions include the rural Utah, Mormon culture; a strict upbringing from my parents; how our gang activities were structured according to the Major League Baseball season and how some of our "names" were chosen from favourite baseball players; and the possible role of physical fitness to personal identity and gang activities. The title, "The Map," seems appropriate for the first story itself, but also to the current restorying of the autoethnography.

"Hey, Arnold"

I included this story because it provides insights into how a specific type of physical activity, weightlifting, may contribute to identity and self concept (Stryker, 1987), but for some offenders, may also reinforce the criminal thinking errors of power thrust and perhaps pretentiousness (see Samenow, 1984). Nevertheless, whatever the differing motives for weightlifting, some offenders may possess intrinsic motivation to

participate in this form of physical activity (Aguilar & Assmussen, 1989; Frey & Delaney, 1996). The events of this particular story took place in the summer of 1984, the year I graduated from high school. I had taken a weightlifting class during the last term of school and continued to work out through the summer. My bodyweight at that time had increased ten pounds from when I started to work out, and changes in my physique were becoming noticeable to those who were close to me. The story reflects a popular appeal to weightlifting by many young males, illustrating masculinity and a sense of power.

Mission Impossible

This short story describes my experience participating in a church service before I left for a two-year Mormon mission to London, England in 1985. I included this story to try to capture the feeling of all-encompassing nature of the local religious culture and its pressures of strict conformity, my doubts about belonging within my family, along with an intense psychological struggle between competing identities.

Into "Outer Darkness"

On a late afternoon in 1992, I drove to the top of the North Ogden Divide with the purpose of ending my life. That was easily the blackest time in my life. Although I hope to give the reader a glimpse into the psychological and sociocultural contexts of the experience, words cannot capture its ugliness. I chose the title "Into 'Outer Darkness,'" which comes from within orthodox Mormon theology. Although I have written as closely as possible to being back in the original experience in an effort to portray subjective meaning at that time, the title is particularly fitting from subsequent

theological, familial, and psychiatric contexts, each with its own unique twist of meaning from present restorying.

This story, taken together with the *Mission Impossible* story, illustrates my feelings of frustration and alienation that are also common criminogenic variables (Hernstein, 1983; Siemens-Ward, 1998). It also describes my feelings of an unbearable loneliness and inadequate coping, which are common to many incarcerated offenders (Rokach, 1997; Rokach & Koledin, 1997). The process of offender psychotherapy includes uncovering defense mechanisms and thinking errors in order to feel negative emotions, such as affective pain, frustration, and alienation, so that offenders may learn to work through past issues and cope in healthier (noncriminal) ways. Furthermore, within this story, the reader is invited to participate in my experiencing a severe depression, and it is not uncommon for offenders to struggle with depressive disorders. This story and the next, "Trains," provide an autopathographic function (see Hawkins, 1993) within the overall narrative.

Trains

The purpose of this story is to describe an experience as a client in psychotherapy. A narrative of my experience as a client in psychotherapy is necessary to the autoethnography because it is a common role that I have had with offenders in rehabilitation, and like offenders in rehabilitation, I have been through my own healing process as a client within psychotherapy. At this particular time in my life (1993), I recognized that my regular weightlifting routine had been, and still was, a primary coping strategy, which is illustrated within this story. Another personal coping mechanism I relied on was the emotional bond I had with my young daughter, which helps increase my

empathy for the many offenders who have children (see Bilchik, Seymour, & Keisher, 2001).

The title, "Trains," has multiple meanings, is symbolic and partly comes from taking my three-year old daughter to see the huge freight trains "sleeping" at the Ogden Railway Station at night. "If the trains can sleep, then maybe you can go to sleep, too," I often told her. However, during that same time period, I began having a recurring dream of being killed by a huge freight train. That same dream would stay with me for four more years. In the dream, I would be standing alone, an internal imagery experience, on railroad tracks unable to move. Inevitably, a massive, black freight train would appear, I would try with all my strength to move off the tracks but couldn't, and the train would annihilate me and the imagery would be replaced with blackness. I would awake from the dream, extremely frightened, but also surprised to be alive.

"Evil" on a Tricycle

In May 1997, I attended the University of Utah Annual Sport Psychology Symposium. From a discussion with a presenter at that meeting, I realised that, like many offenders, I seemed to have the biology (genes) for certain aspects of sensation-seeking (see Johnsgard, 1997; Raine, 1996). During a short break between talks at the symposium, I recalled several sensation-seeking events in my personal history, beginning with a family story of me as a toddler riding down the basement stairs of our house on my tricycle. Reflecting on those events, I realised that despite my past perceptions of powerful messages from my immediate socio-cultural environment, there has often been rebelliousness, but never "wickedness" inside me.

Prisons and Freedom

This story was written primarily from my perspective as a forensic psychotherapist. I described familiar forensic settings, including the Utah State Prison, and a "typical" mental health evaluation at the Northern Utah Community Correctional Center-Day Reporting Center, where I spent much of my early career as a psychotherapist. This story is critical to the autoethnography. It helps to integrate the previous stories, and I hope to show a merging of multiple identities within this particular tale.

There is part of me from my juvenile history that identifies with specific criminal thinking patterns. Another part of me identifies with being a client in psychotherapy and working through an unbearable pain. The intense sensory input and emotion that is evoked from entering a maximum security prison for the first time provides a feeling of vulnerability and lets me know that it is far from being a safe place. Feelings of fear that come from both crime itself and from beliefs about crime, including many beliefs that are shaped through the media, are common to the general public, and going into the prison reminds me that there is a part of me that is sometimes afraid when I work within the criminal justice environment.

Tonight's Special Guest: Denise Austin

In 1997, I began experimenting with physical activity as a clinical adjunct to forensic psychotherapy. My Master of Science thesis at the University of Utah was an investigation into applying physical activity as a component to substance abuse treatment. This story illustrates how I began to use physical activity as a possible clinical strategy to promote rehabilitation. In part, I included this story because it provides questions into

areas that researchers may want to explore and shows insights into a community-based offender subculture (reflexive ethnographic function).

"One of Us!"

In July 2001, I left my familiar world as a forensic psychotherapist to prepare to move to Edmonton, Alberta to begin working on a Doctor of Philosophy degree in Physical Education and Recreation. My last day working with the Utah Department of Corrections before leaving for Canada included participating in combined psychotherapy groups. The therapeutic agenda that evening was for all of us—offenders and staff—to process my leaving for Canada and what that might mean to the lives of each member of the combined groups.

During the evening, a 26 year-old sex offender revealed, "D J doesn't seem like a therapist, he's just one of us!" At the time, I didn't want to hear that, and I especially didn't want my clinical supervisor to hear it. I questioned my effectiveness as a therapist; and a part of me wondered if I'd been effective at all. However, after thinking about it for a few days, I decided that I probably had been a good therapist, and the "he's just one of us" comment didn't invalidate my desire to be effective, but probably more likely, it legitimized those efforts. Yet, this event, and particularly my initial reaction, was telling. The "us vs. them" mentality that existed within myself was far stronger than I had realised, and in my mind I was confronted with the likelihood that I, too, stratified offenders more than I wanted to admit, according to offence—with sex offenders being least respected—in a similar fashion to offenders themselves and the general public (see Sapp & Vaughn, 1990; Winfree, Newbold, & Tubb, 2002).

Toward the Unknown

This final story is a story that occurred in the present year, 2003. It summarizes what I have learned from the autoethnography and I tried to reconnect important elements from the short stories into a meaningful whole. I hoped to place the knowledge gained from this investigation back into context with the existing literature on physical activity and offender rehabilitation, but continued to speak with a story, rather than theory. I titled this last chapter "Toward the Unknown" because it is a parallel of academic knowledge about my topic—we don't yet know what role physical activity may play in offender rehabilitation—my professional life, and my personal life. I don't know what the next chapter in my life will bring. It is another example of a likely merging in my personal and professional journeys.

Writing Stories

For this project I sought a degree of historical accuracy so far as the events I describe actually happened during the time periods of my respective stories. However, I changed the name of the town where I was raised (and provided a brief, fictitious account of how it was named, while still maintaining personal meaning), along with both the names and nicknames of the people in my stories in order to protect their identities. Therefore, my self-narrative tries to capture subjective meaning of the events that I describe.

Obviously, the overall project is a process of restorying from a particular current frame of reference and with a particular purpose—to evoke emotion from within the reader through the use of self-narrative in an attempt to lower perceived divisions within criminal justice, while perhaps providing a few clues into why physical activity has been

a staple throughout my life. My current particular purpose obviously influenced my selection of events that I storied. Limitations to the study include the fact that multiple possible alternative stories could have been selected from the current restorying process, and furthermore, that multiple alternatives to the current restorying effort are also possible. Questions regarding how the meanings of stories are transmitted and interpreted between individuals are primary limitations of intersubjectivity as a means of knowing, for it is in no way possible to completely understand the exact meaning of events that are transmitted through language (Cohler, 1994). Thus, according to Fulford (1999), although the multiple possible interpretations of narratives can make them perhaps somewhat dangerous, stories are established as our most comfortable and versatile way of communicating.

Some (e.g., Sands, 2002) question whether or not autoethnographers can sufficiently separate the different parts of themselves that, on the surface, appears to be required for such research, and it would seem that autoethnographers would need to be highly introspective and possess sufficient self-awareness. On the other hand, autoethnography can be conceptualized as a broad spectrum with "art" at one extreme and "science" on the other, and questions regarding its "validity" are dependent on where along the continuum a specific autoethnography claims to fall (Ellis & Bochner, 2000; see also Sparkes, 1998). However, as the specific methodological processes of autoethnography continue to be debated, this form of research appears capable of producing positive qualitative outcomes (see Ellis & Bochner, 2000; Peshkin, 1993), which is central to the purposes of this project.

Because I am primarily concerned with outcome—showing multiple and conflicting identities, evoking emotion, nourishing empathy within the reader, illuminating the topic from a fresh perspective, and generating insights into possible subjective meaning of physical activity experience—this project is skewed far more toward the art end of the spectrum than the science side—even though it addresses a significant social science problem and is framed, at least to begin with, from within a traditional research format common to the field of offender rehabilitation.

I have taken great care to try to tell each story from a personal perspective and from my use of language at the particular time of the events in the story, without importing meaning from later time periods. In other words, I do not want to import meaning to events that was not there in the first place (Hacking, 1995, cited in Bochner, 1997). This ability is extremely difficult but critical to my purpose (although not entirely possible), because it allows the reader a better glimpse into the differing selves and identities of the author. Although my academic self selected the stories from my past to write about (relating to theories concerned with offender rehabilitation), I want to disengage from the academic self as much as possible as I relive events of my past and then write about them, thus taking the reader back in time and into my mind, seeing and experiencing events as I once perceived them.

I caution the reader that in attempting to use language from within specific time periods and in recreating specific experiences, there is considerable profanity in some of the stories. Again, my purpose as a researcher is to elicit emotional depth and richness that were connected to experience and to provide clues to my perceptions at specific earlier times, not to offend. However, there remains a part of me that still wants to push

limits, to raise eyebrows, to challenge. This is another example of conflicting identities within me.

Some stories are meant to be extremely disturbing, and these types of stories are stories that, too often, are not told and thus not understood. Many crimes are committed and maintained within a climate of secrecy, wherein healing tends to occur in an atmosphere of openness. Some of the disturbing events in my stories involve family members, and I struggled with what to include and what not to include when writing about them. In discussing ethical decisions about writing autoethnography Richardson (2000, p. 932) wrote that although she sees little difficulty in publishing stories that reflect abuse of power by administrators, she "feel(s) constraint" when writing about her family members. For me, I have tried to consider the needs and rights of family members, the costs and benefits of what to include within the research (and to whom the costs and benefits will affect). In other words, it is important to consider what is necessary and what isn't, and this aspect of the restorying process alters meaning. I have tried to include only what I felt was necessary for the research, and I further believe that the potential benefits for including content of the stories involving family members significantly outweigh the potential costs.

I have attempted to "zoom backward and forward, inward and outward" (Ellis, 1999, p. 673) between the deeply personal psychological aspects of experience and the much broader cultural context; which in my case includes, but is not limited to, a rural, orthodox Mormon upbringing; a context of psychotherapy; and the corrections environment. This rapid shifting between the deeply psychological to the broader socio-cultural is essential to a well-written autoethnography (Ellis, 1999). For this project I

place particular emphasis on the psychological. Once again, I refer back to Ellis (1999, p. 671-672), who acknowledged the many challenges of writing autoethnographically:

> It's not something that most people can do well. Most social scientists don't write well enough to carry it off. Or they're not sufficiently introspective about their feelings or motives or the contradictions they experience. Ironically, many aren't observant enough of the world around them. The self-questioning autoethnography demands is extremely difficult. So is confronting things about yourself that are less than flattering…Honest autoethnographic exploration generates a lot of fears and self-doubts—and emotional pain…Then there's the vulnerability of revealing yourself, not being able to take back what you've written or having any control over how readers interpret it. It's hard not to feel your life is being critiqued as well as your work. It can be humiliating.

Although writing an effective autoethnography is difficult and requires an assortment of psychological and intellectual skills, I hope I have been capable of this challenge, despite being a beginner at this sort of project. I enjoy writing for a variety of audiences and improving my writing skills is an ongoing personal goal. Regarding story content, I have worked through personal issues as a client in psychotherapy; thus, I am familiar with digging into my own past. My experience as a forensic psychotherapist has included the responsibility of making critical decisions that impact people's lives and futures—a highly stressful and emotionally demanding job that tends to generate substantial self-questioning.

In writing the stories I have tried to write using present tense of when each story occurred, and I want to tell each story, as much as possible, from a perspective that I

likely would have had at the time of the particular event. Therefore, as I have noted, this autoethnography has a strong psychological emphasis. There is often considerable introspection reflected within each story, and in presenting introspection within the text, I have been careful to present such thinking as I likely would have processed at the particular time. In other words, psychologically, a substantial amount of memory that is reflected in self-dialogue is represented in present, not past, tense, although other events may be considered from past tense. Time often gets lost in memory.

Indeed, the use of tense may be related to specific identities and selves and provides additional clues into "otherness," plus it is likely to evoke more emotion within the reader. For example, the labelling of certain positive events and experiences I may unconsciously retain using a present temporal tense, thus I include these meanings, associated with time, as salient components of a present self. Whereas, events and experiences that are labelled as being unpleasant or embarrassing may perhaps be referred to in past tense, and thus not such a salient conscious part of my identity.

I should point out that extremely painful events can sometimes result in psychological dissociation, whereby an individual may actually perceive that environmental surroundings are not real, temporal aspects of subjective experience are grossly distorted and nebulous, and/or that he or she is located somewhere outside his or her body—that the body is not part of the self. In the story "Into Outer Darkness" I have tried to recreate my own experience of dissociation that was associated with a severe depression.

Finally, I hope that my attempts to be vulnerable through my writing will be met with a willingness of openness and vulnerability on the part of the reader. Ellis (1999, p.

675) stated her goal in doing autoethnography "is the same as Dorothy Allison's (1994)—'to take the reader by the throat, break her heart, and heal it again.'" I also share this goal, and appropriately, the topic of my project centres on healing. I want my short stories to resonate deeply with the reader. In this vein as Frank (1995) suggested, I hope that the reader will move away from a strict analysis of the content of my stories and more toward thinking in the form of a story, or, to think *with* my stories. I invite the reader to go back in time and to relive with me a few of the deepest, most personal experiences of my life.

Conclusion

Investigations using various qualitative methods are largely absent in the criminology professional literature, and a current literature search within the Criminal Justice Abstracts database yielded no results for "self-narrative." A self-narrative methodology can appropriately address the many strong divisions that are seen within the field of offender rehabilitation, which currently function to prevent the exploration of physical activity as a possible adjunct to offender therapy. This self-narrative research project, through assembling "snapshots" of subjective experience captured by stories that relate either directly or indirectly to the research question, will hopefully capitalize on utilizing many voices, selves, and identities; illustrate ambiguity and blending; and evoke emotion within the reader. It is my hope that this work will ultimately help soften the "us vs. them" mindset between offenders and correctional staff, administrators and officers, researchers and practitioners, and allow new insights toward the potential relationship between physical activity and offender rehabilitation to be realised.

Chapter Four

The Map

"DJ—

Well, school is almost over and you will be working hard (during the summer). Don't raid Cheerio or any old ladies. I guess I know you will, so have fun doing it. Don't get caught though; it could be life in the State Pen. Just kidding. Have fun this summer." —note from a classmate in school yearbook

Outside it is a hot summer day in late June 1981. I feel content—even smug—in my cool basement bedroom. I look closely at the map I have just sketched. "Perfect," I think to myself. "Hell, it should be after all this time," I chuckle as I examine the details of my town's landscape— trees, bushes, culverts, ditches, junk cars, and vegetable gardens near the homes of Jarom residents.

I know I shouldn't swear, but sometimes I do anyway. Though often I delight in cursing around my friends, I'm terrified to swear around adults. A few times I've slipped, and my mom dutifully washed my mouth out with soap. The memory of the taste of bitter soap suddenly makes my tongue push up against the front of my parched mouth. My dry lips press together tightly. It takes a moment to consciously recognize that I'm reacting to a memory, not the real thing. "There is still something good about swearing," I think silently. I like the feeling of power that it brings me, and the risk. There's an element of danger about it. Most of the time when I swear it's only a "damn,"

"hell," or maybe a "shit." Saying the "F-word" or taking the Lord's name in vain are far more severe—reserved for more unusual circumstances or for emphasizing a point.

Down on the paper in front of me there are symbols for sheds and shacks and weed-infested vacant lots—even Zion's Bank along Main Street is lightly circled as a potential hiding place. Few people know that around the back there is a way to shimmy up its west wall. I've hidden on its roof before.

Alone in my basement room, I have just spent the past few hours methodically sketching details of my small hometown. My right hand aches from the precision needed for this crucial task. I drop the yellow pencil onto the folding table and slowly stretch the fingers of my tense right hand. The "pencil lump" on my middle finger is swollen.

Jarom is a sleepy town with a rich history. It, along with its 978 residents, is the centre of my universe. Almost all of us are active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Mormons. The best people in the world live here. Like several small Utah communities, the name of our town originates from Mormon scriptures. Jarom was a prophet in the Book of Mormon, an ancient record written on golden plates, which had been given to the young boy, Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the Restoration, to translate in the early 1800s. I know that Joseph Smith literally saw God and Jesus Christ in 1820 and was told that he was chosen to bring the True Church back to the earth. Our town is named after Jarom Smith, an early Mormon leader who settled it whose name was in honour of the Book of Mormon prophet. We are all very proud of the origins of our town name.

I look down again at my map. Main Street runs east to west. Two thirds of the town lies south of Main. Center Street runs north to south and divides the community in

half between the east and west. I notice there are several vacant lots scattered at various places between homes. The tall, leafy weeds within them make easy hiding places. There are lots of barns and corrals.

On the little map, the lots look tiny, but they are large. My eyes focus on the small rectangle representing my home on the map. Adjacent to the rectangle there is the "short cut" between my back yard across to Main, and our old, white Valiant station wagon is on the white paper, too. Now we drive the red 1974 Subaru, but I can remember riding in the Valiant as a boy. That was a long time ago. Now the old Valiant is tipped up on its side in the back yard by the horse pasture. Its black wheels are gone and the glass is all broken out. A few years ago, I hid inside it when the high school kids would chase us. My best friend, Robbie, and I teased them and called them names as they would "Drag Main." At first they'd try to ignore us as they drove by in their fancy hot rods with shiny chrome wheels and on their motorcycles, but we wouldn't give up. Out in the middle of Main we would run, then dance and sing the nicknames we made up for them. There were over a dozen high schoolers after us—"Orange," "Hedgehog," "Gomer," "Peabody." Sometimes we'd swear at them and they'd get extra mad. Once, completely out of the blue, Robbie ran straight out into Main Street rhythmically screaming, "Duncan Hines! Duncan Hines! Thinks his ass is a gold mine!" I was laughing so hard I almost couldn't run away, and Duncan was one of the faster high schoolers that would chase us.

We never got caught, but there were several close calls. Too close. With both the high schoolers and our parents. Main Street games were a treat, but not the norm. Robbie and I would only go up there on nights when our parents were gone, and we'd

have to hurry back home before they came back. Once I sneaked in the back door just before my parents came in the front door. We'd always have to lie to explain what we were doing while they were gone. And my mom and Alice, the neighbour up the street, once wondered why there were mysterious skid marks up and down our street.

We had learned some important lessons, but now we are bigger and so are our games. I know there is no room for error now. "The old Valiant is still a decent place to hide, if we need it," I say to myself.

My mind seems overworked. I need some fresh air, and more importantly, I need to make myself visible to my mother who is somewhere upstairs. I like living in the cool basement rather than having a room upstairs among my parents and younger brother. My three older sisters have all moved away from home. Although a little darker than upstairs, my room is bigger, and the two small windows on the north and east sides let enough light shine in. The white concrete walls make the musty room appear brighter than it really is. My "Old Yeller" drum set sits in the northeast corner of the room, and my Crossman BB gun leans against the northwest corner. The gun looks like a .22 calibre and it's almost as powerful. I've killed several sparrows and a few squirrels and rabbits with it. This room is my sanctuary. I have freedom from the family. I have privacy as I work out the details for specific "jobs" done by our local gang—the Jarom League of Terrorists.

My mother surely thinks I am quietly reading or drawing, which provides a perfect cover for my J.L.O.T (pronounced jay-lot) strategies. "I better get up there," I say to myself, for I don't want any questions. I carefully tuck my newest creation between the mattress and box springs of my bed. I smile with contentment as I gently slide the

paper beyond the crème-coloured bedsheet with its paisley brown designs that hugs the corners of the soft mattress. I am careful and deliberate, for I don't want to wrinkle the paper. This would do for now until I can find a better hiding place. Up the creaky stairs to a separate world I march.

"Whatcha doin'?" my mother softly asks as she folds clothes in our upstairs living room. I notice the warmer temperature in the upstairs part of the house, despite the cool air blown by the old swamp cooler that we had hauled from my grandma's old house.

"Nothin.'"

"Are you reading a good book?" she asks again.

"Yeah." I smile at my rather easy deception. I know my parents and the rest of the townspeople think I am a "good boy." I have to be, for I am George Williams's son. My dad is in the bishopric and he prides himself on his omnipotent knowledge of raising perfect kids. Fuck that, for I am now almost a "major" in the gang I had co-created, and there is only one threat to my high rank and leadership—"Gladys"—and he is simply fuckin' nuts. He is older than the rest of us, and we don't hang around him all that much. But he is smart, runs fast, and wicked crazy. I feel proud of myself for continually trying to outdo him, although I know he's crazier than I am and he always will be. I may be the quiet and reserved "D J" in the Williams family to most townspeople, the nice little boy from the perfect Mormon family, but that squeaky-clean image is not me to my close friends. Hell no.

To my four or five close friends within J.L.O.T., I am Andre or Tyrone, but we only use our "names" for J.L.O.T. activities. I think about my two names. I chose Andre, after the Montreal Expos outfielder Andre Dawson—the dude can flat-out play!

Hit for average or for power. Awesome fielder and base stealer. Despite not being on one of my teams—the Yankees or Brewers—he is my baseball hero, and after all, our gang activities are modeled after the major league baseball season.

We always begin our "season" on Easter weekend, our All-Star "activities" are the nights of July 4 (Independence Day) and July 24 (Utah Pioneer Day). The J.L.O.T. "World Series" was on Halloween night. You could bet that all hell would break loose in the sleepy little town of Jarom on those nights. My mind flashes to the local sheriff and our common opponent, "Buford T. Justice." Fucker thinks he is hot shit. Fuck him. We'll put him in his place. He surely knows the nights J.L.O.T. strikes hardest, yet still he is no match for us and won't catch us. I can outthink him—we have our J.L.O.T. names, our code words, we change into dark clothes, change shoes so he can't match our footprints, brush away tracks with tumbleweeds, use decoys, and calculate response times—hell, nothing, absolutely nothing, is left to chance. No matter how hard Buford tries to catch us, we won't get caught. Not us. Other kids, some of whom I also consider friends, but kids with bad reputations, leave things to chance and get caught. They're always in trouble. They don't plan ahead and they don't think through all the possibilities.

"My map is just what we need," I proudly inform myself. Besides, I had also started using the name Tyrone—it seems feistier, meaner, and somehow more aggressive and calculating than Andre.

"I'm going over to Clows'," I mumble to my mother as I turn to walk back down to the cooler basement. I never talk much around my parents.

"Don't be too long. I'll have dinner ready at six," is the reply.

I knew my mother would let me "go play" that day if I had done some reading or hoed some weeds around the yard. I also knew that six o'clock meant six o'clock—not ten after six or five after six or two seconds after six. My father was known to come looking for his boys with a lilac willow or his belt precisely at the time we were supposed to be back in our house—to "help them find their way home."

Part of me loves and respects my father and his strictness, even to the point of being proud of him when I'm around my friends. He has a playful side, but mostly he's legendary among kids in our town as being the "meanest elementary (school) teacher" and the "strictest dad in town." I get respect from other kids because I have learned how to be sneaky around him. I've become skilled in deception. "If I can outsmart my old man," I thought, "then I can outsmart anybody." But another part of me hates him and his fucking belt. I move faster down the stairs to get my map. Precious time is ticking away and six o'clock would come too soon.

I knock on the maroon-coloured door and stared for a moment at the small handmade, varnished wooden sign that hung at the top of the door, "Welcome to the Clows.'" Robbie must have known it was me at the door. I can see him coming to the door through one of its three triangle-shaped windows to my right. "Robbie is big for his age; he doesn't look like a seventh grader" I think, as I look closer. "It doesn't seem like he's two years younger than me." His J.L.O.T. name, Pedro, seems to fit him because his idol, Pedro Guererro of the Los Angeles Dodgers, is also a big, strong player. Still, it bothers me that Robbie likes the Dodgers, since I'm a hardcore Yankees fan.

As I'm thinking about the rivalry between the Dodgers and Yankees, the door flies open and without a word Robbie motions me to quickly follow him back to his

room. "Wait 'til you see what I got," I whisper through the corner of my mouth, not yet knowing whether or not his parents are home.

"My mom went to St. George and my dad is on the Bookmobile, so I called Ray and Larry. We've all been waiting for you." After hearing his words I feel my anxiety leave. I stare down at the curvy patterns in the royal blue carpet as I follow Robbie down the hallway and into his room, the door already open, right across the hallway from the room of his parents. I can always smell his mother's sweet perfume at that end of the hall and this time is no different.

"Ahh, Ty-rooone!" Ray exclaims as I entered the room.

"Yeah, Sut!" comes my quick reply.

Ray is a pitcher, a good one, and he has always liked Don Sutton, another fetchin' Dodger. Ray could throw a curve ball—even back as a Little League pitcher, which had impressed everyone in Jarom. He's a likeable kid and, like me, comes from an extra-righteous Mormon family with a few older sisters who have finished high school and moved out of a strict household. Despite being in the Mormon First Ward, the half of the town loaded with "goody-goody two shoes," Ray keeps a squeaky clean image but has a rebellious core more like us wicked Second Warders. It's common understanding among the kids in our town that there are "First Ward Angels" and the "Second Ward Devils." I often wonder how the geographic ward boundary through the centre of town could so perfectly divide the kids my age. It was almost like God Himself had intentionally drawn a perfect line between heaven and hell. I've noticed before that Ray seems to laugh a lot, and he's always thinking of ways to pick on poor Cheerio, the crotchety town bachelor who is and always has been a target for kids playing pranks.

I often wondered how Cheerio, along with many local people in town got their "names," which seemed timeless. Cheerio looks almost exactly like Dennis the Menace's father, but a little older. Cheerio has short, squatty legs that aren't the right proportion to the rest of his body. I wasn't sure whether it was his short legs or my ultimate fear of being caught by him that, time and time again, makes me outrun him in the black of night. One thing is sure, if Cheerio caught one of us, there wouldn't simply be a call to our fathers. There would be a call all right, but the call to our fathers would come from Buford—after Cheerio had literally killed one of us.

We know old Cheerio isn't all there. And we know, despite all our meticulous planning, that we've been lucky. One time after flinging a dozen rotten eggs at his spooky little house, Cheerio had chased Gladys and me clear down to the potato cellars on the south of town. At one point, I thought it was Gladys sprinting right behind me, and I wondered why he wouldn't answer to his code name. I found out later Gladys had accidentally fallen into a hole while running through thick sagebrush between town and the cellars, and that it wasn't him, but old Cheerio that was hot on my ass. It was mere luck that I didn't stop running. Maybe for some reason, God really protected me that time.

Many Jarom townspeople have nicknames. We had coined a few, but most we learned from older kids in high school, or from friends with older brothers who knew all the nicknames. "Brutus" lives around the corner and just down the street from Ray, and he looks just like the character in Popeye. His wife, Thelma, is quiet and naïve, and she's the skinniest woman I've ever seen. I sometimes wonder how she can walk during the

harsh March and April winds without being blown clear down to Mexico, and how she isn't completely smashed when she and Brutus have sex.

"Shovel" is the self-righteous First Ward bishop. His name must have come from a desire to be the next prophet to dig up and translate more ancient scriptures. I laugh inside as I remember putting a playboy centrefold on the front seat of his car, parked right in front of the town church on Center Street. There are many other nicknames— "Tom Thumb," "Grape Ape," "String Bean," "One-Eye," "Quickdraw," "Sage," "Too-Tall," "Speedy." At least half the men in town have a nickname, whether they know it or not.

After I acknowledge Sut, I hear Larry speak up, "Hey D!" I can tell Larry is most impressed with my "balls." He is new to the gang and I'm not sure he'll last, or if he'll be a tattletail. He's another First Warder and he might be too soft for our work. He is also the least physical of our group and his shiny auburn hair is never out of place. He always keeps a big comb in his back pocket with its green handle poking out, trying to emulate his wimpy older brothers.

One night I marched right up to Cheerio's front yard and threw cow shit all over his house, while Larry and the others watched from the playground far across the street. Doing these sorts of jobs means you have to be able to run, and run FAST. In no time I had made up the difference between them and me, and Larry was already nearly out of breath. He just can't run fast enough or far enough, and I was sure Cheerio would catch him and beat the fuck out him. Then we'd all be found out and my dad would beat the fuck out of me. Larry seems to be a risk. On "light jobs" he might be okay. But for All Stars or the World Series, I don't want him anywhere around, and July Fourth and

Twenty-Fourth, All Star time, are coming soon. Larry is even having trouble deciding on a name.

"Hey guys, take a look at this!" I call them around.

"What the fuck is it?" exclaims Ray, somewhat impatiently.

"This," I boldly assert, "is our damn map. These blocks are the blocks in town. These are trees we can hide in. This is the old car behind Shorty's place, which may save your ass sometime from Cheerio or Buford." Robbie nods with approval. I continue, "These are bushes to hide in and these little squiggly lines are ditches. The dotted curved lines are possible escape routes." I can tell they are all very impressed.

Suddenly Sut bursts out laughing. "Poor Cheerio and Speedy, they haven't seen nothin' yet! Buford T. Justice is going to shit his pants--he'll never catch us!"

I nod in agreement and continue, "Um, gentlemen, before we strike, we'll know exactly which routes we'll use, where we'll run and where we'll hide. By the time Buford T. Justice gets there, we'll be on the other side of town watching him and cracking up."

We all laugh hard. I see Robbie rolling on his bedroom floor. His loud, distinct howl begins to hurt my ears. His laugh is higher pitched than the rest of ours', like a series of hyena squeals. A minute or two go by and we're serious again. My boys each study the map closer and I turn the volume knob back up on Robbie's huge, black Pioneer stereo. My hands tap to the beat as I sing to Pink Floyd's "We don't need no education…" After more J.L.O.T. planning and a few more songs on the stereo it's time for me to go. The time on Robbie's bedroom clock says 5:49, with a bright red dot next

to "PM." It is almost six o'clock. Very soon I must be down the street and sitting in my proper place at the dinner table.

Chapter Five

"Hey, Arnold!"

"DJ—

I have truly enjoyed our association over the past few years. I am impressed by your dedication to a worthy goal (weightlifting) and I'm sure it will aid you greatly in the future. Good luck. See you in the weight room this summer."

—Mr. Barton (note in high school yearbook)

It is almost 11:00 on a warm June morning in 1984. There is not a trace of a cloud in the clear blue sky and I can tell this afternoon will be hotter than most. I have just come from the gym at Jarom Valley High School, and I need to get Mr. Barton's school keys back to him. I like Mr. Barton. He teaches math at our old high school, and although I've always been average or a little below in his classes, somehow I can tell Mr. Barton likes me, too. He coaches high school wrestling and the Jarom pony-league baseball team in the summer.

Mr. Barton is big and muscular. The vertical stripes on his button up shirts curve out around his barrel chest. His arms bulge out of his short sleeves and look like fleshy little machines of some sort. He works out regularly and benches between 350 and 400 pounds. One of the girls in my class told us about how he had once carried a stubborn student, desk and all, down to the principal's office. I'm not sure, but I think I believe it. Now, I'm looking for him on the baseball field to give him back his keys to the school "weight room." It has become my daily ritual.

"Gosh, that's nice of him to trust me." I think to myself. Last school term I took a weightlifting class from him. Since lifting regularly, I am now a solid 155 pounds—ten pounds heavier than when I started. Some of the rowdier kids in town had gone into wrestling, and I even heard Jeremy, who was a few years younger than me, and one of the only non-Mormon kids in school, can now bench 200.

My mind shifts to when I first tried the bench press and how I could only manage a measly 135 pounds—one lonely plate on each side of the iron bar. I really was tougher than that, wasn't I? Everyone there except Mr. Barton laughed. Throughout my school experience I tried to maintain a tough reputation around school, but maybe I wasn't so tough after all. Was I really a pussy but just didn't know it? No way. But, I still feel the sting. It shattered my pride and it still hurts now.

Now I'm at 210, as of 40 minutes ago, and being able to press that much weight shows. Every time I go to the weight room I can move more weight. I look down at the solid, tan arms that are exposed from my cut-off Def Leppard muscle shirt and say silently, "Yup, we can kick some ass." My arms feel big and full. They are sore and still throb, much to my satisfaction, and still pumped full of blood from doing heavy curls and triceps pushdowns. The stinging I feel in them now is almost, but not quite, as intense as the sting of my still-wounded pride that perhaps I have always been somewhat of a pussy.

The poor lighting, musty smell and hollow echo of the "weight room" used to annoy me. The room is just north of the basketball gym; there is only a thin wall separating them. Basketball had always been my sport. I lived and breathed it since second grade. I once scored 31 points for Jarom Valley High School in only three

quarters on that court. We were so far ahead my coach sat me on the bench for the fourth quarter. Another game 25 points, and another 21.

In my mind I hear the Jarom residents cheering me on. The packed high school gym is louder than anything I have ever heard. There must be four or five hundred people there. The people of Jarom are cheering us toward a victory. I am waiting on the left wing just inside the baseline. The opposing forward gives me a little too much space—he doesn't think I'm a threat from so far away from the basket. He's wrong. I catch the pass that comes quickly from the top of the key. One quick motion with no hesitation—swish. The new Wilson Jet doesn't even touch the rim this time. Nothing but net, and two more points for Jarom Valley. I was Dr. J. I smile as I remember that I was the only player on our team who had coach's "green light" to shoot whenever and wherever on the court I wanted.

I liked basketball so much it was sometimes hard to find my way to the other areas of Jarom Valley High School. My final report card is still hidden from my parents—I will be dead if they see the "F" in Wood Shop, which is the result of my sloughing class to play hoops, not to mention the "D -" in English. Mr. Taylor, the principal gave me a tongue-lashing that I didn't know he was capable of. In my mind I can still hear him shouting, "I can't believe this, DJ! What were you doing? Geezo, peezo—and you're the Class President! Technically, you shouldn't be graduating, but the programs are printed and you're listed as conducting the ceremony!"

I know I shouldn't have graduated from high school when I did, and I had no idea how I became the Senior Class President anyway. Who was I? Most of the 33 students in our class were girls, only a few boys. The girls must have mostly seen the same D J as

my parents and the other parents in town. Or maybe they knew the real me but thought somehow I'd changed. That was why I was elected President. Apparently, according to Mr. Taylor, the graduation programs couldn't be reprinted in time or something, so I had to be let through. I hated fucking school and swore I would never go back.

Now, only a month later and, for some strange reason, I can hardly wait each day to borrow Mr. Barton's keys to go work out in the weight room. But, I won't go back to school for school itself. Hell no. I'm not sure what I'll do when or if I ever grow up, but I'm not going to college.

As I try to locate Mr. Barton, I look across the neatly manicured dirt infield at the pony leaguers who are throwing baseballs, then to the grassy outfield. They seem younger than normal. SNAP! The sound of a hard baseball hitting a brown leather mitt just to my left diverts my attention closer to my immediate surroundings.

"Hey Arnold!" I hear Mr. Barton's booming voice that suddenly makes the snaps from mitts seem quiet. "How much did you bench today? Did you get 210?"

"Yup, I got it!" is my proud reply. I can tell he is impressed.

"Soon you'll look like Arnold Schwartzenegger. Wow, I can't believe how fast your arms are getting bigger!"

My arms are still pumped with blood from my heavy workout and although they really have grown, I'm also covertly flexing them, trying to make them appear natural and relaxed. I want them to look as big as possible. I'm strong. Not a pussy anymore. As I proudly stride up to Mr. Barton and hand him his mix of silver keys, I notice baseballs are no longer in the air and no mitts are snapping. I have the attention of the pony leaguers nearby. I feel powerful and respected.

"Same time tomorrow?" I ask Mr. Barton.

"That's fine."

"Good," I reply, "Tomorrow is back and shoulders day."

I always look forward to the next workout. Now is a good time in my life to become stronger and I'm becoming addicted to the personal power I feel from my rapidly increasing physical strength.

Chapter Six

Mission Impossible

"I hope they call me on a mission when I have grown a foot or two..."—words to a popular Mormon children's song

Two months ago, I turned 19 years old. Now the fun years of my life are officially over. Today is an October Sunday and I'm sitting in Priesthood Meeting at an upstairs classroom of the Jarom Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints Stake Center. Only a few short years ago on a cold January night, I was with my Second Ward heathen friends throwing snowballs up into this same room at the righteous First Warders who were having a meeting. I chuckle as I remember how pissed off they were. At that time, the furnace for the entire building was right below this particular room, so the top windows of the room would be left open even in during the cold winter months. The building had since been remodelled and the furnace under the room is no longer needed. The glass of the windows in this room is thick and blurry. It's impossible to see out with any clarity, yet I can see a hazy mess of yellow colour coming from the autumn leaves of the massive cottonwood that grows not far from this side of the building.

I'm dressed in a new, dark blue suit with a pressed white shirt and a conservative tie. The tie is a clip-on. I don't know how to tie a regular necktie. I hate ties and only wear them when I have to, which is always for a Church meeting of one sort or another. "Goody-goodies" like to go to church and wear ties. I haven't been to a meeting in a

while. As I've become older it's been much harder for my parents to force me to go, but for much of my life, I painfully attended every Sunday.

I fidget in my chair as the Elders' Quorum Secretary methodically takes roll. He is a changed man. He grew up here in Jarom and had a wild past, but not any more. He still drives a souped up red Ford 4X4 with a four-barrel, but he used to drink beer. A few years ago he became active in the Church and went through the temple with his wife. He works at Smith's Garage as a mechanic and they have two cute little daughters, both with pudgey round faces and thick, curly black hair like their mother.

The chair feels extra hard and I don't know how I'm going to be able to sit on it through a long, boring priesthood lesson. Then he notices me. "D J, what are you doing here, and you're all dressed up?" His surprised look is obvious, but then he quickly recovers, "But…I'm glad you're here with us again."

Before I can speak, my friend, Danny cuts to the chase, "Today is his missionary farewell."

"Oh." The surprised look on his face is immediately back.

I think back to several years ago when, as a young child, I had to sing the little primary song "I Hope They Call Me on a Mission" during a Sacrament Meeting. All the mothers in the neighbourhood thought I was so cute singing that song. I didn't want to sing it in Church, but was forced to do so by my parents. That stupid song haunts me now.

I suddenly feel more out of place, as I discover everyone in the room is looking at me. I resist the attention. A few seconds pass and it is time for the welcome and an

opening prayer before the lesson. I know Sunday School will be next, then Sacrament Meeting. Total church time: the usual three full hours of torture.

Normally I want Church to go by fast, but today is not the usual Sunday service. It is the day I have to give a talk in Sacrament Meeting before I leave for the Missionary Training Center in Provo, then on to London, England to "preach the gospel" for two dreadfully long years. For me, these two years will be eternity. Unfortunately, I'll be a pussy again.

"How the hell can I ever preach the gospel?" is the central question in my mind. I feel a little guilty for swearing to myself. I've tried to cut down over the past year and I don't say "fuck" nearly as much as I used to. It was only a year or two ago that I said the "f-word" so often that I knew somehow I'd slip and it would come out of my mouth around my parents. My mother would first faint; she'd then slap me across the face—hard. Despite my age, my father's belt would come out or he would wallop me with a closed fist. He's never hit me with his fists before, but once or twice I thought he might.

"Missionaries are pussies and goody-goodies," I say to myself. "And how can I be away from home for two years? I've never lived outside Jarom. How am I going to keep working out and getting bigger when I'm on a mission? And how can I go without women?" My mind wanders to "making out" with Katie, my latest girlfriend from out of town. I can taste Katie's kiss and I already miss the feel of her athletic body up against mine. "Hell, I'm going to miss that," I think to myself. Sadly, I know she won't be around when I get back. Girls always say they'll wait but they never do. Despite the impossibility of me preaching the gospel and living away from my familiar Jarom, something about going to London, England does seem a little exciting.

The meeting's opening prayer is over and I realize I didn't close my eyes during it. More guilt. A young married man, himself a "returned missionary" who lives a few blocks south of my house, gets up to give the priesthood lesson. His audience is fairly attentive, but I don't hear him as he says something or other about the Sabbath Day and keeping it holy.

"There is no frickin' way I can speak in Church today. What will I say?" I ask myself. "What if I just can't go on a mission?" But I know that's really not an option. Refusing to serve a mission means something is wrong with your moral character. Spencer W. Kimball, the living prophet, has said: Every nineteen-year old young man is to serve a mission. This isn't a choice; it's a commandment. The Church is true, and somehow I know it. There have been times when I have actually listened to President Kimball and the apostles and have felt something unusual inside, a real physical feeling, which is a witness from the Holy Spirit that the Church is true. I can't risk my eternal salvation and not go to England.

My parents have carefully raised their children to be active in the Mormon Church. They have worked tirelessly to keep us all on the "straight and narrow path." This means my little brother and I will both go on missions, and all of us will be married to an eternal partner within the temple to live in eternal joy beyond the bonds of death. This is God's "Plan of Salvation." I must go on this mission and there is simply no way out.

Several members of the priesthood group are now discussing the sanctity of the Sabbath Day. I know that at this same moment in another room somewhere in the building, in the corresponding meeting for women, Relief Society, their lesson is much

the same as the lesson being given in this room. I look around and notice an older neighbor of mine sitting in the back row with his eyes closed. "Pretty early to be sleeping already," I chuckle silently.

I'm feeling anxious again. My Mormon undergarments underneath this uncomfortable blue suit are sweaty along my butt and the tops of my hamstrings, and I feel my undergarment tops scrunched around the wet armpits of my new K-Mart shirt. It is going to be an adjustment wearing this weird underwear for the rest of my life. When Church members go through the temple, we are then required to wear special underwear for the rest of our lives that serves as both a physical and spiritual protection. Everyone does it. I've heard stories of how faithful members have been in accidents where they should've died, but somehow they didn't because they were wearing their garments. I got my garments after going through the temple, the holiest place on earth, only three short weeks ago.

Going to the temple is supposed to be a most wonderful, spiritual experience, and the spacious rooms inside are magnificent. Handcrafted wood, huge chandeliers, gorgeous white carpets, the biggest mirrors I had ever seen, gold and silver. I was humiliated with myself during the ceremonies when I felt like getting up and running out. Something was wrong with me. The whole thing wasn't right; it was nothing like what I had expected. It was terrifying. More frightening than anything I could imagine.

Since the temple is the most sacred place on earth, what goes on inside its walls is never discussed—those things are far too sacred. I have been taught over and over that the spirituality in the temple is unsurpassed on earth. I have to believe it. There earth and mortality is linked with heaven and the eternal. I have heard numerous Primary

stories of angels appearing to people inside the temple. Somewhere in an upper room in the Salt Lake Temple, the resurrected Jesus Christ Himself meets with President Spencer W. Kimball to instruct the prophet on how to guide the only true Church.

During the beginning of the first ceremony, the Washing and Annointing, I had left my Hanes briefs on under the white temple gown with slits up the sides to the underarms, which was specific attire for that ceremony. Nobody had told me to remove my underwear and it had never occurred to me that I should. I was horrified when I went into the room for the ceremony, and I could see up the slits of the temple gowns of the other males, almost all of them old men. Although I was still wearing my briefs, I quickly discovered, much to my astonishment, that nobody else had clothing underneath their gowns. My parents have always preached modesty; in fact, they aren't particularly pleased when I mow the lawn without a shirt on. Yet, there in the temple—the most sacred place on earth—was some of the most immodesty I have ever seen!

I tried not to look at the genitals of the other men. I really didn't want to, but it was difficult not to. I'm still confused with the whole temple thing. When it was my turn to be "washed and anointed," the ceremony had to be stopped because I was still wearing my Hanes. After a lengthy discussion, someone with the proper authority decided that I would, after all, be allowed to proceed through that particular ceremony.

Throughout the next temple ceremony, the Endowment, I sat very still. In this ceremony the women sat together on long wooden benches on one side of a big room and the men were together on the other side. My dad sat by me and occasionally smiled reverently. I looked at his thick black hair and stern face. He had a couple of curved lines on each side of his face from under his cheekbones to just below his mouth; I

noticed then that he was beginning to age. I saw in his eyes that he was proud of me. I loved that moment. But the ceremony was completely bewildering! And the goofy costumes—aprons representing fig leaves and the white paper hats! This was not my Church, not the true Church that I knew! These temple rituals have nothing to do with "love at home" or "family night," or helping your neighbour. "Do you promise…" I remembered the old, gray-haired temple worker saying, "…Or you will suffer your life to be taken." Gulp.

I feel guilty again as I remember the temple. "The Church is true and I should have felt the Holy Spirit when I was in the temple," I quietly scold myself. I'm not spiritual enough. Too many sins. Way too many. I've done some really bad things in my life.

Soon the man giving the "Keeping the Sabbath Day Holy" lesson sits down. "Shit," I think to myself, "only one more meeting and I'll have to stand up in front of all the people and say something." I'm pleased with myself that I didn't think the "f-word." Maybe I'm beginning to make some spiritual progress, after all.

In no time it is time to start Sacrament Meeting. Members of our ward greet me graciously as they file into the chapel, the biggest room in the Jarom Valley Stake Center, and sit in the three columns and twenty or so rows of pews. I dread going to the front of the chapel to sit "up on the stand" near the bishop and his counsellors, but my feet know the way and that's where they take me. Sister Barker is sitting at the organ between the stand and the congregation playing solemn music as the people living on my side of town file in. Usually it is my mother playing the hymns, but not today. Today my mother is

sitting on one side of me, my father on the other, as we stare down into the faces of all these nice people we know so well.

I sense my parents' nervousness at being on the stand, but also that they are especially proud of me today. I still don't know what I'm going to say. I'm becoming even more frightened inside even though I'm trying my best to look strong and confident. I really don't want to go on a mission, yet this is my Church, the only true Church, so I must obey. Somewhere in the Doctrine and Covenants the scripture says that obedience is the first law of heaven upon which all blessings are predicated.

Missionaries come back changed from their two years of preaching the true gospel. I've heard the same phrase from them dozens of times as I've sat down there in the congregation, even by my close friends who are older than me. They always come back to report, "It was the best two years of my life." I've never believed them—there are too many pleasures that must be sacrificed during those two long and difficult years. But, now it's my turn to go. Will I come back changed like all the rest? Will I say it, too? I highly doubt it. "This day came way too fast," I think.

Many family members are in the audience; my grandparents and cousins are here from out of town. I look down and see my oldest sister, Pat, and her husband, Steve. They smile approvingly. How I love them! Pat is extra beautiful today and Steve is extra handsome. She moved out and married when I was only halfway through elementary school. I remember not too long ago riding my motorcycle out in the hot sands of the Dixie desert behind their home. How can I leave them for two years? Their kids are here, too—April, Sam, Paul…they look up to me but I'm not quite sure why. Some of it must be the role I'm in now. They always knew I'd go on a mission. But, they also

admire me because I'm strong and a good basketball player. I like the positive attention from them and the feelings of belonging.

I see my sister, Tacy, and her little family from Las Vegas. She and her husband, Rick, notice me looking at them. They smile gently, sending me prayers and a small dose of confidence. Now I look at my sister, Terri, and wink. Why did I just do that! I hated her when she lived at home, but since she moved out and married Brian, I'm probably closer to her than anyone else. Once, several years ago, when we were arguing about cleaning the house, I threw a broom at her. Luckily she ducked, but it shattered the big south window of our dining room. I don't remember what my punishment was. How can I leave for so long? I feel like screaming, but I can't! Nor do I know what words would come out if I could.

I look down again and see my younger brother, Malin. He must know that his turn is coming, but he'll be more ready than me. He's a good kid—extra good. He keeps the commandments. I should keep them too, but I struggle. I don't like Church and its millions of restrictions. Maybe somehow the righteousness of the younger brother is predestined? In the scriptures, all the older brothers are wicked and the younger ones are righteous. Look at Cain and Able, Esau and Jacob, Laman and Lemuel compared to the obedient young Nephi. Now it's D J and Malin. It's the same old family story only this is the modern version.

There was the whole J.L.O.T. thing. It's been over a year since J.L.O.T. officially caused any "terror," but right now I can't believe I really did all those bad things. Sins. Huge sins. Although a big part of me feels guilty, another part of me is still proud. I'm not sure why. After all, the big reason I'd stopped was simply that I turned 18. If I got

caught, I would be prosecuted as an adult. I really haven't repented. "Yup, there is something wrong with me," I believe. Will my family be together in the Celestial Kingdom, the highest heaven, someday? Yes, we will—we have to be—but somehow I'll have to repent of my J.L.O.T. days. Guilt. It's a good thing my parents don't know. I hope they never know.

Look at all these people! The congregation is full! What should I do? I tug again at my bunched garment tops out from under the armpits of my white shirt and suit jacket. I hate wearing these damn garments.

The sacrament hymn is over and the deacons are passing the sacrament. I feel guilty as I take the bread first, then I swallow the water from the tiny plastic cup. The bread and water are symbolic of Christ's body and blood.

My soul is instantly pummelled as I realise that He gave His life for me! My heart will soon leap out of my chest. He bled from every pore of His body! He was nailed to a cross in Gethsemane!

Finally, I feel proud that I'm going to England to represent Him. I will be bringing lost souls into the one and only true Church. Is there anything more important than that? Heavens no! How great will be our joy in the hereafter! My mind is moving more consistently now, "He is my Saviour. He makes it possible to live with my family in the highest heaven forever. I can sacrifice two years with them because I'll be with them again forever in heaven."

I now know that I've made the right decision—for sure. "I'll find a way to lift weights when I can, or I'll do push-ups and sit-ups or something. Girls can wait. Hard rock music…" Shit. Guilt creeps back. "Yes, somehow I'll get rid of Kiss, Van Halen,

and Def Leppard—all of my evil 'devil music.'" Somehow, somehow I'll have to survive a mission!

Soon it is time for my little talk. My head doesn't want to obey, but at the proper time my feet direct me slowly toward the big wooden pulpit. I am deliberate and heavy. All eyes are on me. The chapel is packed—there must be a couple hundred people here, almost as many as at a Jarom Valley High School basketball game.

"Um, I know this Church is true," I start, " and that the Book of Mormon is true, and that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God." The microphone at the pulpit makes my voice sound way too loud. It amplifies my lack of confidence and I feel naked and exposed. I don't like the sound of my voice. It terrifies me and I really don't know what is coming out from inside me.

I'm not used to adults hearing me. Children are "to be seen and not heard," and I have mostly avoided talking to adults when I could. I hear my loud, awkward words drifting far away from me and out into the silent, but keenly observant congregation. I desperately want to reach out and catch my words, bring them back, and stuff them back down inside—but I can't. There is no escape. I am a deer trapped in the blinding headlights of an oncoming Kenworth.

Somehow I let the audience know that I am proud to be going on a mission. Finally something moves me to speak from my heart as I reach below some sort of a thick, artificial surface and convey a deep love and appreciation for my family and friends and for the wonderful people of Jarom. I find myself shaking and I start to sob. I'm terrified to be sent alone out into an unknown world away from Jarom. I am so

embarrassed! What should I do? I must close quickly and go sit down. "…In the name of Jesus Christ, amen," I say. My simple talk is over.

The bishop lovingly touches my side as I find my way back to my seat up on the stand between my parents, still wiping away the tears from my eyes. My dad tenderly squeezes my knee and my mom hands me a Kleenex. I know that they love me and that they are proud of me. They know I belong in our "best family." Sometime on my mission I'll surely know it too. But for now, I hope that everyone in my world soon forgets my embarrassing scene at the pulpit. Despite my confusion and blatant inadequacies, I am proud to be leaving for England to serve a mission for my family, my hometown, my Saviour, and my Church.

Chapter Seven

Into "Outer Darkness"

"Please. Someone, help me. All I want is something small. Nothing big. I just want to be happy."—A personal journal entry by Kip Kinkel prior to shooting and killing his parents and two classmates, and injuring 25 others.

It has been five years since I returned home from the "England London South Mission" and my life has taken a radical change. It wasn't supposed to end like this. I came home from England and began college. I quickly found a partner and got married in the temple like I was supposed to, but after four years of hell I am now divorced.

I loved my science courses at the community college near Jarom and at Weber State University further up the state of Utah in Ogden where I graduated earlier this year. I have come to admit that biological evolution is not a deceitful concept inspired by Satan, but it is genuinely real and, conversely, the Genesis and Mormon temple versions of creationism I that I previously had clung to for so long are probably not true after all. After considerable study at college, the arguments I learned in Church against evolution have turned out to be bogus. William Lee Stokes, a Princeton University biologist who grew up in rural Utah, wrote a book ingeniously reconciling Genesis and evolution, and I think his argument is possible, but not very likely.

I don't believe a loving and just God inspires physicists, chemists, and geologists, while at the same time neglecting or misleading biologists who are also earnestly seeking to discover truth. And what about biochemists? And biophysicists? Wouldn't God

inspire them? Does God inspire physical scientists, while Satan has a collective hold on biological scientists who follow the same method of inquiry? To me, such thinking is illogical and absurd. According to traditional Church doctrine, biological evolution is a dangerous topic. So is psychology, my major at Weber State.

Furthermore, I have become interested in the Church's history. It is apparent that what had actually happened and what I thought, or perhaps hoped, had happened were two completely different things. My former Church is primarily interested in promoting its own image and gaining more and more power and control. I have been a puppet all along, and for the past several months I can't seem to keep quiet about my own "revelations" to my family. I'm challenging everything. For nearly three years now I have been bitter towards the Church. My parents protect it and it is clear where their allegiance is. As I look back now, their allegiance has always been and always will be to the Mormon Church. "Family first," the Church itself preaches. "Second is the Church and then your job."

Bullshit. It's all Church. Apart from it, there is no family or job or anything else. I find I love higher education, but it has started the unravelling of my life. My parents blame the process on "anti-Mormon professors" and my own personal wickedness, but I have never heard my college or university professors say anything bad about the Church.

And yes, I had cheated on two occasions with a woman when I was still married, and I knew I shouldn't have. I still hate myself for it. After constant false accusations, I finally did it. According to the Book of Mormon, I committed the "sin next to murder." My guilt was finally validated, and my "ex-" had called my parents to inform them. My whole family knows. To them, I have become wicked to my core, probably worse than

the evil Korihor. To them and their screwed up beliefs, I have sold my birthright. I won't be with them in their silly make-believe Celestial Kingdom—the highest heaven. But, who really gives a flying fuck!

Gradually I am losing some sort of constant fight and for a long time now I have become sick and tired of life. For quite a while now my life has been about two things and two things only—my two year-old daughter and weightlifting. I can't keep struggling to stay alive if there will never be anything more. I think about death often and I constantly dream about it. It no longer frightens me. I've thought several times about the possibility of blowing myself up as I leapt from a cliff, or dowsing myself with gasoline and then setting myself on fire. Today I don't have the physical or mental energy to prepare something like that. Although not thought out ahead of time, today will be the last day of my existence. My uncle Norman killed himself while I was a missionary in England. So did an aunt.

I've driven this road several times before; it is steep and winding. The road is paved, but narrow with several sharp turns. It's usually lonely here; few cars travel this route. The first few times I drove this road, back in 1989, I smelled the hot brakes of my vehicle as I got closer to Ogden city to the west, the opposite direction I am now driving. At the Divide summit there is a small parking lot to the south. A trail to the south is lined with wild red raspberry bushes and turns through a quiet aspen grove, then gradually up three more miles through the evergreens to Lewis Peak, while a lonely trail to the north of the parking lot leads to the top of Ben Lomond Peak. I've never hiked up the much steeper north trail, only the one to the south.

As I drive slowly up the mountain road, I look down into the deep canyon where somewhere my red 1987 Ram-50 pick-up truck is about to plunge. I bought the little truck at Hinckley Dodge a year ago, before I divorced. The gray and blue seat covers are still clean and the lines in the Navajo pattern run across the bench seat in perfect fashion until my body rudely interrupts them. The inside of my head is fuzzy.

The pines in the canyon well below me are dark, almost black. Fitting. It is late afternoon. An impenetrable gloom follows me here. It goes where I go. Often I can hide it from people, but it remains with me. I've been trying for months and I can't shake it. All of my days have gradually become darker—more and more. Whatever it is, it has engulfed me. Today I don't feel anything. I don't know if I am real. I might not really even be alive. There is no feeling of life left in me. Something has slowly died. I am numb. Empty. There is nothing inside me. Absolutely nothing.

There are few protective barriers along this road. I knew this before I came here. I am just below the summit, maybe two hundred yards. Loose gravel cracks under the front tires as I park my death carriage at a pull-out facing the edge of the steep cliff to the south. This place should work. I don't remember driving up here, but I must have. Nothing is real; everything is fake.

I am frozen in time; both time and me have stopped. The truck's engine is still running, but I have long shut down. Soon I will go off. It will all be over. It will look like an accident. My battered, broken body will be found, but no one will know I did it myself. The truck will die, too. In my mind I see the gruesome bodies of accident victims I encountered between 1988 and 1990 while volunteering as an Emergency Medical Technician. So what, I can't think about that now. "Who fucking really cares,

anyway?" I say to myself, knowing that my own body soon will be mangled beyond recognition just like the others.

The front tires of the little truck are now against a small dirt ridge along the edge of the black canyon. I quickly learn the truck won't roll off by itself. I will have to shift the truck into gear. My right hand rests on the black handle of the gear-shift lever. My heavy head pathetically falls toward the gray steering wheel. I'm not sure what I should say to myself.

I wish I had a gun. Then it would be easy. No thoughts. Up to my head. Bang! That's it. Over. My family will be sad. Who cares? Fuck them. Fuck them all. Yeah, they will feel bad at my funeral. My mother's heart will be ripped into shreds. I know it. She won't know what to do. She'll cry for months—no, years. Maybe she'll die early of a broken heart. Probably. I don't care. Back to their perfect little fucking Mormon lives they will go. I will be missed and it will be sad, but not for long. But really, it will be a good thing. It's all part of "God's Plan." To them I deserve to die anyway. There is nothing else but "God's Plan." Nothing. I left their Church. I filed for a divorce. I cheated. I left their perfect little town. I am the only disgrace to the perfect fucking family.

Yes, I left their fucking "only true Church." What a bunch of fucking horseshit! I went through their fucking temple; I was married in it after my mission. Yes, I had promised in the temple that my life would be taken if I ever left the Mormon Church, but what the hell was I doing in the Goddamn temple back then anyway? I didn't know anything different then! Pressuring people to make those kinds of promises isn't fair. It's not right. My temple covenants aren't valid. Mormonism was the only thing I knew then

and I don't believe it now. The only place I'd ever lived was in a little, dinky Utah town. It's nothing but a fucking blip on the planet. No, it's not even big enough to be a blip. There is so much more to the world!

I didn't know that science was a superior method to discovering knowledge. I didn't know that Joseph Smith was secretly sleeping with so many women, then had a "revelation" to initiate plural marriage "to a select few" when he was about to be exposed. I didn't know how racist and intolerant the Church was, yet its inhumane treatment of minorities was justified because of fucking so-called "revelation." I didn't know that Mormon leaders brutally slaughtered 120 innocent people at the Mountain Meadows Massacre. I didn't know that Church leaders changed revelations and policies dozens of times to protect their polished, but fake as fuck, image! I didn't know that Church leaders bought silly, forged documents from Mark Hofmann, then lied that they had ever known him. Mark Hofmann murdered two innocent people, yet because of Church political power, its leaders avoided providing court testimony and justice was NOT served! There is no separation of Church and State in Utah! I didn't realize that the chills I had felt that were supposedly a confirmation of truth from the Holy Spirit could be easily explained through social desirability effects, social pressures, and even self-fulfilling prophecies! I didn't know fucking anything back then! I was fucking stupid!

Why the fuck are my parents so blind to all these things! They won't even discuss them. The usual answers are, "Oh, I've never read that," or "that's just the Devil trying to lead you astray." They won't read or consider anything that isn't sanctioned by the Church and its "Brethren." To them I have sold my birthright. Supposedly, I have

been cunningly deceived by the Devil, who in the "Last Days" will deceive "even the very elect"—including their own "elect," returned missionary son.

My family believe that I still know the Church is true and that I had received a spiritual confirmation of it, but then chose to rebel against it—the gravest sin any child of God can ever commit. Worse than murder. No forgiveness—ever. "Not in this world nor the world to come." I am wicked, rebellious, and according to true Mormons, I am doomed to spend the rest of eternity somewhere in literal Outer Darkness. I will be forever lost, "weeping, wailing, and gnashing (my) teeth," when after death I realise I had knowingly and wilfully turned my back on "God's Plan of Salvation" and the only truth.

Those beliefs can't be true, can they? I honestly, honestly don't believe in Mormonism. But, why the fuck can't anyone see anything different! Am I really that wicked? Am I a horrible person? I fucking hate them! I hate me! Why the fuck am I not stronger!

"If I owned a gun here in northern Utah I would fucking go back to fucking Jarom and fucking walk in the fucking front door of my fucking parents house and blow their fucking heads off!" I scream. A violent rage has built up inside me and I will somehow literally explode any second. "FUUUUCK!!" I scream at the top of my lungs. My ears ring from the awful scream, but I know that no one is around to hear. I punch the inside of the truck as hard as I can, but I don't feel anything in my fist. Silence…

I begin to feel something else inside. Deep inside I hurt. I am hurting so, so bad! I can't survive this pain. It is too big and it isn't going to go away. It has been inside me for a long, long time. There is no escaping it. No place to hide. I can't stand it anymore. It will kill me. No, it won't kill me. But, I wish it would. I want to be dead. "PLEASE

JUST DIE, DJ, JUST FUCKING DIE!" I can't stand it any longer! Tears stream down my cheeks uncontrollably. My foot stomps on the accelerator and the little 2.0 engine surges with all its might, but for some reason I don't move. The transmission is still in neutral. "FUUUUCK!!" I scream again. "That should have been it, Goddamn it!" I yell at the top of my lungs. "FUUUUCK!!"

I wish so badly that my heart would just stop beating. I look up and notice I am still at the edge of the deep canyon. This should be over by now. My head falls helplessly back onto the hard steering wheel and my mind wanders into the near future where I see my grisly, mangled body that has been thrown from the wreckage and into the thick oak and jagged granite rock at the bottom of the steep canyon. One of my eyes is completely missing from its bloody socket and the other is hanging by a few thick fibres of red, ocular muscle. My dirt-stained face is black and purple around the cheeks and cold, lifeless blood still oozes from gashes around the lower sides of my broken neck. My clothes are torn loose from my flesh and the pungent stench of burning gasoline reeks from my battered body. Some strands of my dark hair rest in the grasp of a mahogany near the ugly ball of twisted metal that was once a shiny vehicle.

A hiker will discover the remains of both the Dodge and me. Driver's license near the body: D J Williams, height 6'1", weight 185 lbs. 525 E. 27th Street # 202 Ogden, Utah. Mysteriously, I am satisfied that I no longer exist and that I, along with my burdensome past, have been reduced to a brief collection of meaningless numbers. I only wish there would be nothing left of me at all. Blowing myself up would have been better.

Word will soon get out. My parents will be notified that their older son was killed in a car accident north and east of Ogden, Utah. They will quickly call Pat first, then

Tacy, Terri, then Malin. It doesn't matter; I don't care. But wait....Wait a minute. I see that a knock will inevitably come on the front door of a yellow house in Huntsville—"Gwamma's house"—just over the big eastern mountain from where I now slump; and then the forever awful news, "Brittney, I hate to tell you this, but your daddy is dead. You will never see him again." My innocent little bundle of pure happiness, only two years old, will be dealt a life nightmare—given to her by her father. Suddenly, I'm less sure I can do this. It might look like an accident, but it isn't.

I remember how she patiently waits at "gwamma's" front window watching for my little red Dodge to arrive, and the sparkle in her eyes and her giggles as she runs towards it as fast as her little legs can carry her, while I pull carefully into the driveway. I remember my excitement when I first heard her exclaim, "Dadda!" I perfectly remember the details of her birth in a small room on the Fifth Floor of McKay-Dee Hospital, how exhausted I was from transitioning between two jobs and working them both that week, but the total and complete love I felt when I saw her arrive into the world. I had been working 16 hard hours each day and I didn't know if I had the strength to finish the last couple of days at both jobs. Perhaps she purposefully came to my rescue during that week, on April 3, 1990, somehow knowing her daddy needed her help at that time? Now here she is again! She and I are connected, inseparably connected—always. I know. I know now, and I am sure.

I can't live, or die, with the thought of destroying my young daughter's life. Somehow I have to find a way to live, but I don't know how. I'm not worthy of being loved, am I? I devastated my family; even my whole town. I am too sceptical. Sometimes I drink alcohol. I left the Church. I had cheated. I divorced. I've made all

the wrong decisions. I hurt everyone; everyone except one little person, the person who matters most to me—Brittney—and I just can't hurt her. I can't do this. I'm sure.

Tears roll down my cheeks and my crying won't stop. Maybe I'm a pussy, but I don't care right now. Who cares if I am? My eyes burn and there is a pounding in the inside of my head. I notice that my fist hurts, too, and my knuckles are bleeding. But most of all, my heart hurts. Everything inside me hurts, but I am feeling. I need help—professional help. My old, familiar world has been shattered into a million tiny pieces and will somehow need to be put back together. It won't ever be like it was, and I don't know what it will look like in the future. All of this is big, way too big. But I can't die. Not yet. Not now. Not like this.

At the edge of the cliff I have journeyed from emptiness to rage to an indescribable pain, then to an unimaginable hurt, and finally to a glimmer of hope. I lift my head up slowly from the hard steering wheel extending from under the square grey dash of the little red Dodge. Both the Dodge and me will somehow find a way to continue to live. I stare out at the mountains around me. They have more detail now. There is general colour around me where only a couple of hours ago there was not. I notice some individual trees—big trees and little trees. I see leaves on the aspens and branches full of needles on spruces and firs. On the ground a few dead logs lay motionless in the tall grass, scattered beneath their living relatives.

I hear the rat-a-tat-tat of a noisy woodpecker somewhere above me. She undoubtedly wants the rest of her little community to hear her. A long power line runs down from the summit and along the bottom of the canyon before it turns and breathes a constant energy into the city. My surroundings are real and time is moving again. I see

that the sun has set on the west horizon and night is gradually moving up the canyon. I carefully shift the gear into reverse, twist the headlight switch to "on" and begin driving slowly down the narrow mountain road. Never again will there be a complete darkness, for the bright glimmer in my heart that I now clutch so tightly will be forever shining with me.

Chapter Eight

Trains

"Nightmares...articulate the nature of the conflicts we face and highlight the connection between present challenges and past history."—Gillian Holloway, dream analysis expert

It is nearly a year later and I live in downtown Ogden, Utah, in a tiny one-bedroom apartment. It is cheap, small and run-down, but all I can afford. The ceiling leaks when it rains and as a result my tiny kitchen often has small mounds of mushy plaster on the stained tile floor. Originally, the tile was probably a comforting beige. But, way back then would have been another lifetime ago.

Two studded snow tires for winter lean against the east wall of the kitchen. I have no other place to keep them. Instead of furniture, my living room is littered with Joe Weider weights and a black vinyl covered bench for lifting. The weights, 315 pounds worth, are used regularly. I can bench them all, and more. I can bench 205 pounds for 20 straight reps. I have lifted five days a week for several years now and I like the confidence it brings. It helps me convert anger into the satisfaction of physical achievement. It's not the complete answer, but it helps. I am nearly sixty pounds heavier than when I was at Jarom Valley High School. Sometimes when I'm really angry, I go to the weights and try a new max. I continue to break through barriers. I don't know how I would cope without weightlifting in my life.

Some large books are neatly piled in the southwest corner of the room—*Exercise Physiology: A Prescriptive Approach, Applied Sport Psychology, Psychology, Principles of Nutrition, Conceptual Physics, Unleashing the Wild Physique, Arnold Schwartznegger's Encyclopedia of Modern Bodybuilding, The Diary of John D. Lee, Mountain Meadows Massacre, Under the Dixie Sun, Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball, Mormon Doctrine*. There are some smaller books too. On top is a book about graduate schools in physical education. Someday I want a Ph.D. in exercise physiology and I hope to start a Master's degree at the University of Utah or Utah State University next year.

I sit on the edge of my queen-sized bed. On top of it is a heavy quilt made from square pieces of worn out blue jeans. It was a gift from Malin and his family. His wife, Janie, made it. I really like it. My three year-old daughter, Brittney, also prefers it. She wraps her small body in it at bedtime when she comes to stay with me on the weekends with her own light green baby blanket and its dark orange stitching, draped across her face. I'm scared to go to sleep when Brittney stays with me, and I often lay awake late into the nights just watching her sleep, her thick, brown hair poking out of her small blanket, and the blue quilt wrapped around her small, innocent body. Lately I cry when I watch her sleeping so softly and innocently. Words can't describe the love I have for her.

Sometimes when Brittney has difficulty falling asleep, we climb into the little red Dodge and take a short drive through the nearby centre of the city and then west past the old railway station. Over the viaduct I can show her the massive black freight trains loaded with coal that are lying motionless beneath us. They always look like long, black steel ribbons that stretch back as far as we can see. "See, Boo, the trains are very tired. We'd better be quiet now for they are sleeping and we don't want to wake them up. If

they can sleep then I bet you can sleep, too." Invariably, Brittney clutches her blanket and giggles, and by the time we turn around and drive the ten minutes back to the apartment, she is always fast asleep.

I always want Brittney to be warm enough when she stays here in my meagre apartment. I want her to feel safe with her dad. More than anything, I want her to be happy—happy for the rest of her long life. I remember the time not too distant when I sat in the red Dodge at the top of the Divide. "What was I doing?!"

I am grateful to have another chance at life, and I'm especially excited for Brittney to come stay with me again tomorrow. I look forward to taking her each weekend, but I'll be glad when I can live in a safer area. There are gangs in this part of the city. The week I moved here, a young man was murdered in an old abandoned building across the street. But for now, this is all I can afford.

I look up at the walls high above my bed. They are plastered with magazine photos, mostly from *Muscle & Fitness*—Arnold, Lee Haney, Lou Ferrigno, Albert Beckles, Sergio Oliva, and Tom Platz—"the Golden Eagle." There are also women—Sandy Riddell, Corey Everson, and the beautiful and perfectly symmetrical Lenda Murray. At three years old, Brittney already knows their names, plus she can identify all the major muscle groups in the body. "Not bad," I think, "for my kid!" I look down at my watch. Twenty minutes until two o'clock. I'd better get moving; I have a weekly appointment with my therapist.

Despite having earned a Bachelor of Science degree in psychology and working part-time with psychiatric patients at McKay-Dee Hospital, I feel self-conscious about seeing a therapist. Bruce R. McConkie, a recent Mormon apostle, didn't seem to have

much good to say about psychology and psychiatry. "I can't believe I ever liked him," I say to myself. I remember my mission president discouraging my interest in psychological science. Psychology has a much different explanation for behaviour than my familiar old orthodoxy, wherein human behaviour was simply the result of following the whisperings of either God or Satan.

Cognitively I know better, but the emotional part of my Self still has an arduous journey before I can arrive at a place of healing. There are significant remnants of my past religion that still get in the way. I want it to be different, but something tells me it will take a long time, much longer than I want, to get by them. I crave to be whole, but I still struggle with issues that are tightly knotted around a pious and patriarchal dogma.

Although I am a few minutes early, my therapist, Mary, is waiting for me. Her last appointment unexpectedly cancelled, so we could start as soon as I arrived. I have been meeting regularly with Mary since my horrible experience on the Divide, and because I work at the psychiatric unit at the hospital, I know she is highly respected. She always greets me with a big hug and a smile. Today is no different. "How are you today?" she asks in her familiar soft, but slightly raspy, voice. She always listens carefully and she seems genuinely interested in my life.

"Mm, I'm still struggling, but, um, okay, I think."

"And how is Brittney?"

I like that she always asks about Brittney, too, and I sense that Mary can see my eyes light up when she mentions her name.

"Um, I think she is doing well. She's always happy."

"Do you want to come in the office and talk?"

"I'd like that," I reply, as I follow her into her office. Her perfume smells inviting, not in a sexual way, but more of a comforting, soothing sort of way. Mary must be in her fifties. Her mid-length hair is an even mix of black and grey. Her face is soft, round, and naturally jolly. I have noticed she often wears dark silver and olive green coloured clothing, the same colours she is wearing today. "Those colours look nice for her," I say silently, " but they probably wouldn't on most people." She mentioned once that she is Mormon, but she doesn't seem like it to me. I don't feel judged, but genuinely accepted. She always looks happy and I find her easy to talk to.

"What would you like to talk about today?" she inquires.

"Well, I'm still having the dreams."

"Dreams you've had before?"

"Yes, there's that one, and now another one."

"Tell me about the one you've had before."

"Well, um, I'm always standing on the train tracks. My feet won't move away and I'm terrified. I know it's only a matter of time before it comes and I can't get away from it. I'm always in its path. I see it coming closer and closer. It's huge. It's not a passenger train, but a black freight train. Nothing can stop it and even though I try to escape, I can't. Wham! I'm crushed by it and that's the end. I'm dead and there is nothing left of me and my dream turns to blackness. Um, that's it. I usually wake up screaming and surprised to be alive."

"Oh, that must be horrible! And how often have you been having that dream?" she asks.

"Quite often, but the other night I had a different one. I awoke in the middle of the night terrified. Um, it seemed so real. I was glad Brittney wasn't there then. I was inside the temple and I was tied down to an altar. My parents and brother and sisters were all there. They were all kneeling around the altar. Everyone was very sad. I looked into their faces and saw that they were crying. Um, um, my father was at the head of the altar. They all bowed their heads and my father gave a short prayer."

I pause before noticing the deep concern on Mary's face.

"My father said he would obey. He then drew a sword and he cut my throat from ear to ear. Um, um, I died right there on the altar." A tear runs down my cheek and my body shakes as I finish telling the dream. I can tell Mary is worried.

"How about the depression?" she asks.

"Um, I'm still taking the Prozac and I think it's helping some. And I always feel better when I work out. But I still have trouble sleeping and I still have thoughts of suicide."

"You won't do anything, will you? Do you have friends you can call? You can always call me if you need to."

"No, I won't do anything, but the thoughts come into my mind a lot."

"How often?" she asks.

"Um, several times a day."

"Every day?" she asks again.

"Yeah."

"My opinion is that we should up your Prozac. We started you on only a baby dose. And if exercising helps, then keep doing it."

I nod sullenly. Despite being self-conscious about the need to see a psychiatrist for therapy and medication, my education along with my gut feeling suggest to me that Mary's probably right with both recommendations.

For the rest of our session, like most of our sessions, we talk about issues of religion and family and my identity. There's a lot of ugly stuff all mushed together. More often than not, the issues are difficult to separate. I'm impatient and I want the healing to occur quickly, but Mary insists it will take a long time to unravel this huge mess and to work through it.

Mary always has many perspectives. Mine are far fewer and much more narrow. She reminds me of personal and family strengths that I often can't see. I usually leave her office crying, and today is no different, but I'm also feeling better. I like when I cry. I have come to understand that crying is not a sign of weakness, but is instead a frequent marker along the steep and difficult path toward wholeness. At the end of our session Mary gives me my "homework" assignment along with another big hug. I know she truly cares and I always leave her office feeling hope.

Chapter Nine

"Evil" on a Tricycle

"Without risky experiences, humanity would stagnate."—Marvin Zuckerman, University of Delaware

It is mid-morning on a sunny, spring weekend smack in the middle of May, 1997. I look down at the bright blue water of the long swimming pool inside the Natatorium on the University of Utah campus. Surprisingly, no one is in the pool at this particular time. I look around at the four rectangular, reddish-coloured brick buildings, the "Hyper-complex," that surround the Natatorium. Sometimes I work out at the small gym in the bottom of the complex, if I don't have time to get to my regular gym, Towne & Country, in Woods Cross. "The Hyper gym isn't the best, but it'll do in a pinch," I say silently. I am stretching my legs and relaxing my mind during a short intermission at the Annual Sport Psychology Symposium, held in the Health, Physical Education, and Recreation (HPER) complex's East building. Keith Johnsgard, a psychologist from San Jose State University, has just finished a talk on the biology of sensation seeking.

"Sensation-seeking is a biological trait," I remember Dr. Johnsgard say during the past hour. "It can be predicted at the time of birth." I was spellbound by his lecture and it is lingering in my mind. Sensation-seekers have a different biology. According to Dr. Johnsgard, they have low levels of tryptophan hydroxylase, an enzyme that helps convert the amino acid tryptophan into serotonin, along with more dopamine receptors controlled by the DRD4 gene, in certain areas of the brain's reward centre—the ventral tegmental

area, nucleus accumbens, and medial forebrain bundle and its projection nuclei. I am interested in neurobiology and moments ago after his lecture, I had asked him about the modulating role of n-methyl, d-aspartate, (NMDA), then more specifically, the potential role of lower levels of gamma-amino butyric acid (GABA), the brain's neurochemical "brake system." I hypothesized that maybe sensation-seekers would have lower levels of the GABA neurotransmitter and/or higher levels of dendritic NMDA.

I felt intelligent when he acknowledged that mine were excellent questions and my hypotheses made sense, but that he wasn't exactly sure. He then had asked me about my academic interests at the University.

"I'm in the exercise and sport psychology Master's program here, but I work with offenders at the Utah State Prison," I had told him. He seemed surprised that I was only a Master's student. He asked what I did at the prison and if I liked the work there. "I like it very much," I had replied. "It's SO interesting, and sometimes it gives me a bit of an adrenaline rush. I've worked with substance abusers, spouse abusers, and even a few murderers."

"I would guess that you are a sensation-seeker, too," he had said.

I hadn't really thought much about that. Here I am, looking around the physical education complex, and I have never really understood myself as a sensation-seeker, but it was starting to make sense. I remember Zuckerman's sensation-seeking divisions that I had just learned: Adventure-seeker? A definite yes. Thrill-seeker? Sometimes. Disinhibition? Sometimes, sometimes not. Boredom Susceptibility? Uh-huh.

"People who aren't sensation-seekers generally wouldn't be working with prisoners and enjoying it," Dr. Johnsgard had assured me. "Have you had other jobs?"

"Um, yeah. I worked as a psych tech and then at a monastery for a few summers. And I've worked as a dog catcher and as an Emergency Medical Technician." Just rattling off my former jobs had suddenly alerted me to the fact that there probably was something a little strange about me.

"Oh yes, you are definitely a sensation-seeker!"

I think about my dialogue with Johnsgard and turn and stare back into the pool of the Natatorium. "All this all makes sense now!" I alert myself. There were my old J.L.O.T. days, all those times causing trouble, racing motorcycles, and building bombs in little Jarom. The town didn't seem big or exciting anymore like it did when I was growing up. It hadn't been that way for a long time. It hits me, "No, it really hasn't been very exciting since I moved away!" When I had occasionally gone home for family visits, I had a hard time understanding why anyone would want to live there. There wasn't much there and not very much to do. Too sleepy; very little action, and lots of sameness. Jarom may be attractive for lots of folks, but I need far more adventure than that.

During my adolescence I thought that I might even want to be a stuntman someday. There were even some occasions when I practiced for it. My 17 year-old giant, blonde-haired friend, "Do-Little," who was one year older than me, farted one night as we were "dragging Main" in his polished Chevy truck with its chrome rims and thin, purple racing stripes along each side. With little thought I opened the door and jumped out, much to his astonishment. We were moving at close to 40 miles an hour, but I figured I needed to learn how to do things like that. Afterwards, I was glad that I had worn a heavy long, sleeved Levi shirt that evening; but even still, the shirt was shredded

down the front and we had to go back to his house to bandage the bloody place on my lower right arm where a chunk of my hide was missing. "You keep doin' crazy shit like that," the giant Do-Little had warned me, "an' you won't have any hair left on that furry body of yers."

"It can be predicted at the time of birth," I recall Johnsgard's words. "Oh yeah, NOW I remember—Riding my tricycle down the basement steps!" I can sort of remember as a child curiously looking down the steep outside basement steps leading from the carport to the main door of the basement. I was allowed to ride anywhere on the large cement carport, but going off the cement out onto the dirt toward the dangerous street was strictly forbidden. But, nobody had said anything about not riding down the basement stairs. After all, the stairs certainly weren't out onto the off-limits dirt, close to the perilous street. Plus, the stairs were near both the safety of the house and the all too familiar carport. I surely knew humans moved up and down them as a natural way of travelling.

The stairs must have beckoned to me, begging me to explore them. I vaguely remember sitting on my gold tricycle with its big front wheel, looking down and wondering just what it would be like to ride down the steep stairway. I must have been getting tired of riding the same old circles, round and round and round, on the flat cement carport between the garage and our adjacent brick home. There it was—boredom susceptibility—even way back then!

I don't remember actually going down, but apparently I did for I've heard the story many times. My mom said Tacy found me lying unconscious at the bottom and frantically carried me upstairs. According to mother, I ended up with a broken thumb

and a very swollen head. There is still a tiny scar under my bottom lip where my big front teeth pierced through it, a lasting reminder of that wild ride. My right index finger now rubs across it.

Only a few years after the tricycle adventure, I had also tried the same stairs on my first bicycle. Fortunately one of my older sisters hadn't completely shut the big, glass door at the bottom, so when my bicycle hit it, it had swung open, and into the unfinished basement living room I had sailed. I don't remember anything about that experience, only hearing the family stories about it.

There were many other hair-raising rides since then—on bicycles, motorcycles, and in cars and pick-up trucks. Strangely, I've ridden down stairways via many modes of transportation—on tricycles, bicycles, motorcycles, in a car, on a snow sled, and once inside a cardboard box. There were the times building bicycle jumps along the trail in the back "short cut" between our back yard and Main Street. I remember years later flying over the handlebars of my Honda XL 250 and onto the red sand of the Dixie desert, and right before leaving for England there were plenty of bone-chilling rides on "The Monster"—my two-stroke Yamaha IT465, which had been built for racing. With Robbie on the XL watching its speedometer rest at 70 miles per hour, I had screamed past him on the Monster like the XL was stopped. Twice I had flipped over backwards while bolting up the too-steep face of the brush-covered "JV Mountain," the same bad-luck mountain where I'd rolled my first pick-up truck while sloughing high school one morning.

Finally, there was the time on the Monster when I had been ditching Buford T. Justice and a sparrow had flown into my path, right into my motorcycle helmet. Even though I hadn't crashed, that time was easily the scariest. Thankfully, Buford's Dodge

Ram Charger with its flashing red and blues was somewhere behind me in a mile-long cloud of thick dust and the bluish-gray smoke of my powerful two-stroke rocket. As I had rounded the old mountain road toward the west, the sun on the horizon hit my eyes and for a moment blinded me. Still in fifth gear, my right hand instinctively revved the throttle back and my moto-rocket continued to scream as hard as it could to the west along the level straight stretch between the thick cedar trees.

Suddenly, there was a bone-jarring CRACK and a powerful jolt to my head. I had lost my attention for a moment before realising that I must've been hit in the head by a fallen meteor, or perhaps somehow by a sledge hammer, but miraculously I'd been lucky enough to stay on the Monster without "crashing and burning." When I thought it was finally safe to stop, I slipped off my white helmet and inspected the many tiny feathers stuck around a new gray smear to the top left. I realize that although at the time I thought I was invincible, I was actually quite lucky I hadn't been killed.

It is almost time to go back into the symposium, but it occurs to me that Evel Knievel had been an early hero of mine. "How in the hell had I forgotten that?" I scold myself. As a young boy, I even had a flyer with his name attached to my bicycle. Suddenly my life is starting to make much more sense. Perhaps mine was a battle—no, it's been a full-fledged war—of nature vs. nurture. My life has been a fierce war between my genes and a most intense social pressure to conform. Nature vs. nurture. Biology vs. socialization. I think back to the freight train dream. Me vs. an indestructible train. "This is all finally making sense," I realise.

I know that the real me is not exclusively one or the other, but some incredibly complex interaction of both, although there are frequent times when one side largely

dominates the other. The raw building blocks of me don't always fit the architectural design of me.

Despite the long struggles regarding Church, family, and my identity, I am learning that there is not, and never was, any real wickedness within me. However, I smile, since from now on I can fully admit that even though there was never any wickedness in me, there has probably always been a little "Evel."

Chapter Ten

Prisons and Freedom

"There are two kinds of prisons. One kind is built with concrete, steel and razor wire. The other is built in the dungeons of our minds."—Joseph E. McCormick in Journal of Prisoners on Prisons, 5 (1).

It is fifteen minutes before four o'clock as I wait for my next appointment to show up at the Northern Utah Community Correctional Center for her mental health evaluation. Today is Tuesday and from nine o'clock this morning my day has been booked with offender evaluations and psychotherapy sessions. I glance down one more time at the "rap sheet" on the desk in front of me and begin reading from towards the top of the page: Possession of Alcohol by a Minor, another Possession of Alcohol by a Minor, Possession of a Controlled Substance, Failure to Appear Before a Court, Possession of a Controlled Substance, Theft, Forgery, Driving While Intoxicated… I notice the charges began when Sally was thirteen and have followed her into her adulthood. I turn the page. More charges. Drug and alcohol problems have plagued this woman for nearly twenty years now, two-thirds of her life.

I skim one more time through the few pages of history I have about Sally. This is her second parole from the Utah State Prison. She told her downtown parole officer that her family background was "chaotic." Apparently she ran away from home at the age of twelve and spent much of her adolescence in foster care. Sally has given birth to two children, both of whom were then adopted into other homes. She hasn't known the

whereabouts of her parents for years. Her employment history includes time at McDonalds, Shopko, Kar Kwik, and Winder Dairy, and she has just started a job working as a telemarketer at Iomega.

Reading the words "McDonalds" and "Winder Dairy" reminds me that it's time to eat something again and take another dose of creatine monohydrate. My stomach is not hungry and it seems like I just ate, but that was over two hours ago. I will eat anyway, for gaining weight and building powerful muscles takes food, and lots of it. I dig into my square cooler below the desk and pull out a pint of chocolate milk and two hard-boiled eggs. In the bottom left corner of my file cabinet I have a small glass jar full of creatine monohydrate. I dump two tablespoons of the gritty white powder into my mouth and swirl as much as I can under my tongue. As I move my tongue back and forth over the gritty powder, I quickly peel the shells off the boiled eggs. It takes a minute or two for the chalky substance to dissolve. Soon the powder is gone and so are the eggs. I wonder if Sally will show for her four o'clock appointment. About half my clients show up for their initial appointments, the other half usually don't.

I need some fresh air from outside the building before can I meet with another client. More clients than usual have kept their appointments today. It's been a busy day and my energy is starting to drain. I close the file, grab the pint carton of Cream O' Weber, and check to make sure the door of my small office is locked before closing it behind me. I gulp the sweet, thick chocolate liquid as I walk down the lonely "treatment hall." In two more hours the quiet hall will be bustling—a thundering herd of offenders will be sent to their court-ordered treatment groups.

At the end of the treatment hall I pull the ring of silver keys from my right pocket and move them toward the lock on the heavy tan metal doors that lead out of NUCCC ("nuke") to the south entrance of the building. Before the correct key enters the lock, I hear the hum of the lock being released. An officer in the control room has been watching me walk down the hall toward the door via one of the many cameras installed in the top corners throughout the facility. The officer has politely saved me the time of opening the door myself. I turn back toward a camera behind me and wave my hand in half-hearted appreciation. The gesture was friendly, but sometimes I have mixed feelings about being constantly watched. I remind myself that I'm in an environment that can be dangerous, although I generally feel safe within this particular facility. My senses and emotions are far more acute on the days I work at the Utah State Prison.

It's a short walk through the south entrance and past the turn into the Day Reporting Center (DRC) where I am contracted to work. I take the familiar route to outside the building and into fresh air and sunlight, then look around at the landscape of the facility. The lawn is spacious and there are pink and purple petunias around the brown and white entry sign with bold lettering that reads: State of Utah – Northern Utah Community Correctional Center. "This is one of the better places," I silently say to myself, as I drop the empty milk carton into the trash container near the building's main entrance.

"This is better than the other places—the Forensic Unit, Orange Street (Community Correctional Center), or the 'State Pen.'" I remember getting my clearance to work at the Utah State Prison and then the first time I started running groups there. One of the therapists who worked at the Prison transferred to another location, so on

Thursdays I drive to the south end of the Salt Lake Valley to run anger management and substance abuse groups in the Timpanogos section of Utah's biggest maximum-security prison.

I remember going there recently to conduct my groups. I always park my silver Toyota 4 X 4 in the north Timpanogos parking lot. A heavy double-wide, chain-link fence surrounds the entire complex. Thick rolls of shiny, razor wire run high along the top of the fence while just inside this escape-proof wall is a narrow road where armed surveillance vehicles constantly patrol the prison grounds. Just across the road is another intimidating wall with its small chain links and high rolls of jagged razor wire, identical in every way to its outside twin. The two barriers and the road between them gradually slope up and over the building entrance that lead into the prison, and at each corner of the huge complex there are concrete towers manned continuously by heavily armed prison guards.

Each time I go to "Timp" I feel anxious and alert, and I always notice my senses are working as best they know how. The prison is the most dangerous place I have ever known. I always enter Timp's north doors and stop just inside at the window to show my Utah Department of Corrections contract ID to the officer. After his approval I walk further into the building to the main control station. Metal detectors are at one side of me. In front of me is a heavy iron wall that functions as a door. It hydraulically rolls to the left from time to time at the command of the guards to let an outsider like myself into the main checkpoint. When this heavy iron wall is open, its counterpart, twenty feet directly beyond, is closed and tightly secured. These two iron walls are never open at the same time and they never ever will be.

Between these iron walls I show my ID again. The officers in their tidy uniforms behind the bulletproof glass wall to the right always want me to open my small briefcase, turn it toward them, and thoroughly show them its contents. I never disobey. When they are sufficiently satisfied, the second iron wall slowly retracts and I move out into the courtyard of the Timpanogos complex, where suddenly there is nothing separating me from drug dealers, addicts, robbers, thieves, thugs, "wife-beaters," and murderers—an unusual mix of angry and sometimes violent men. Some of the prisoners genuinely want to change and they will, others quite convincingly say they want to but really don't, and a few are rather open about their disinterest in becoming healthier individuals. In the language of Prochaska's Transtheoretical Model, precontemplators and contemplators seem to dominate.

Although adrenalin in my body is always elevated when I'm in that place, I must sufficiently manage my feelings and not let fear show. The more hardcore criminals are experts at "scanning"—including sensing psychological weaknesses and exploiting them. To be a good forensic therapist is difficult—one must be friendly but firm, gaining respect before modeling that it is okay—healthy—to accept and express one's true emotions. I routinely proceed to the far building to begin my work. This building also houses the culinary, education, and psychotherapy areas in addition to a small gym with a basketball court and some weight machines with cables. Free weights are banned inside the prison, but still the gym is always busy.

I'm still thinking about the Utah State Prison when a beat-up dark green Buick pulls quickly into the "nuke" parking lot. A hubcap is missing on the rear passenger side. Out climbs a middle-aged woman with her black, stringy hair blowing in the south

breeze. I quickly notice her tight blue-jean cut-offs and her long, tanned legs moving gracefully toward me. For an instant she is a sexy female model confidently strolling down a glittery Milan runway. However, as she gets closer I begin to recognise the imperfections of her body. Her tan face is wrinkled and hard lessons of life are still written on it. She teasingly smiles as she approaches and I notice the ugly brown around her badly decaying teeth, a couple of them are missing. "She's a heavy meth user," I say to myself before I speak to her. In the limited distance between the Buick to the front of the building she has quickly aged from 30 years old to over 50.

"Would you happen to be Sally?" I ask.

"Uh huh, is this the place I'm suppos'd ta be?"

I smile gently. "Yes, I'm D J, one of the therapists here. Let's go into the DRC and let them know you're here, then we'll go back to my office for a visit. Basically, I'll get some history and we'll get you set up in some groups. Today it'll take us about an hour."

Sally checks in with the officer at the front desk of the DRC, where he informs her that she will be required to give a urine specimen before she leaves the building. Soon we are walking back down the treatment hall and into my small office. I offer her a seat across from me as I move around the L-shaped desk and then settle into my comfortable office chair. I take her file, open it to the Presentence Investigation Report (PSI), and set it across my lap along with two clean sheets of lined paper.

"Tell me, Sally, what has been the main problem? Why were you sent here?"

"I guess meth, the drugs. I use an' can't seem ta quit."

I write "CC:" (chief complaint) before scribbling her exact words at the top of my blank sheet of paper.

"How old were you when you first tried alcohol?" I then ask.

"Gee, prob'ly five, six, but I can't really remember. But my father always drank an' he gave me some when I was little."

I scribble some more. "How often do you drink now?"

"I don't drink much. I've never liked it."

"What about marijuana?" I ask. "How old were you when you first tried it?"

"Prob'ly 12," she says as her head drops down and to her right.

"Do you still use it?" I enquire.

"Some, when someone I'm with has it. But mostly it's crank."

"So, how often would you say you use marijuana now?"

"Prob'ly once or twice a week, but sometimes not even that much."

"Can you tell me how old you were when you used marijuana most frequently? From what age to what age? And how often?" I get ready to scribble words faster, and Sally shifts in her seat before she speaks.

"Well, uh, I'd smoke it about three, maybe four times a week from prob'ly 12, 13 ta when I was 21. That's when I got inta crank."

"What other drugs have you tried?" I ask.

"I've done weed, crank, cocaine, a bit a' LSD, an' 'shrooms, but I'm mostly inta crank. I just can't quit it. I've tried an' I can't."

Sally and I discuss her drug use patterns and past treatment experiences before I ask her about her criminal history, mental health, and family background. I notice that

her own account of her criminal history closely matches the criminal history that was detailed in her PSI. She's not minimizing and unlike many, I think she does want help. Throughout our interview, I silently feed information into a complex mental algorithm built from DSM-IV criteria. "Axis I is definitely meth dependence, not abuse," I note to myself. "But, the marijuana pattern is abuse, not dependence." If there were a frequently used third drug I'd consider "304.80 (Polysubstance Dependence)."

Sally's rough exterior gradually softens as our interview progresses. She informs me that often in her life she has felt suicidal and twice she had overdosed, once on Tylenol and had to be taken to the Emergency Room of the hospital to swallow charcoal. She adds that four other times she has tried to kill herself by slitting her wrists. "Another Borderline" (Personality Disorder), I think to myself, and I notice my empathy decreases with that particular thought. I add the letters "BPD?" to the rapidly filling second page of my scribbles. I glance at the insides of her lower arms, but don't see any scars.

This woman hurts inside and that sometimes when such an unbearable pain gets too close to the conscious surface, her powerful subconscious repressive forces that are needed to push the huge pain back down inside don't allow her to feel much at all. She cuts superficially on her wrists in order to feel something, a bizarre and unrecognized psychobiological signal to her psyche that she is still alive. Such feelings of unreality, of not being alive or real, are undeniably familiar to me and I truly hope our program can help her.

Deep, deep hurt. It's a lingering, unbearable pain that Sally has not been able to face. I offer a safer alternative to her if she ever feels like cutting her wrists for I know those times will likely come again. "When you feel like cutting your wrists, try using a

cube of ice instead," I advise. "Cutting your wrists is a sort of way of checking your body to see if it can still feel, when the extreme depressive episodes don't allow you to. The cold from the ice will remind you that you're alive and that you can still feel." Sally nods like she understands and soon assures me that she has no current thoughts of suicide and that her mental health is "okay right now." Two years ago she had been prescribed Zoloft, and her appetite and sleep patterns appear to be, at least for now, quite normal.

Sally has had an unending string of abusive boyfriends—almost all have been much older than her. "The child in her has been craving a father," I note. Sally describes her childhood has "sorta normal." She can't remember much about her own father, but it appears that he was a violent alcoholic. I learn from Sally that he would frequently beat, and once tried to kill, her mother. A sister, just a few years older than Sally, had tried to take care of Sally throughout much of childhood. More clues suggest to me that Sally may have been sexually abused, although she denies any such incidents. She had run away during her teens when her older sister left the home.

Her memories, like my carefully measured questions of this session, are quite general. There are relatively few details. I know there is much, much more to her story. It is a common and familiar story involving pain and some predictable defences. Methamphetamine and the other drugs offer Sally, like many of my clients, an easy counterfeit protection against an unbearable past. So does the drug culture. So do the "thinking errors." So do the boyfriends, perhaps themselves displaying a type of Borderline Personality Organization with its underlying attachment issues and object relations pathologies, but who always seem wonderful at first before they quickly turn

abusive and violent. Yet, all this counterfeit armour has not brought Sally freedom, literally or figuratively, and I know that it won't.

Like the vast majority of my clients, I recognise that there is something deep inside of me that identifies with the horrible pain that Sally cannot yet feel, but needs to. It will take considerable time to peel back and discard, one layer at a time, Sally's unconscious but well-crafted counterfeit armour and to gradually expose more and more pain, while at the same time helping to put new coping mechanisms in place, before healing and freedom are possible.

"Sally, I am going to recommend to your parole officer that you take Women's Issues Group on Mondays, Cognitive Restructuring and Mental Health groups on Wednesdays, and a substance abuse group on Thursdays. I also think some individual therapy with one of our female therapists here would be helpful. Would you like to have some individual sessions?"

"Uh huh, I'd like ta try it."

I hand her a DRC schedule with her groups circled. As she reads through the program schedule, I quickly glance at the diagnostic chart that is taped to the wall to right of me. At the bottom of my notes, according to the DSM-IV multiaxial classification system of the American Psychiatric Association, I quickly write:

I: 304.40 Methamphetamine Dependence, 305.20 Cannabis Abuse

II: 301.83 Borderline Personality Disorder

III: chronic asthma by hx

IV: low social support, financial issues

V: GAF = 48

I close the file with my notes still inside and escort her down the long treatment hall, through the locked doors, and back into the Day Reporting Center. She tells the officer at the desk that she can now provide urine, but adds that she'll be "dirty." "I did crank night before yesterday," she admits, "but I'm ready ta clean up."

Now alone, I walk the familiar route from the DRC back to my quiet office and prepare to type the evaluation report about Sally. I am mentally exhausted. It is draining to hear my clients' histories, to identify with their pain, to try to solve these puzzles of why each offender committed the crimes that he or she did, and to try to structure treatment that will address the needs of each individual. This work is difficult, yet fascinating and rewarding. Something deep inside of me draws me to it. But for now, although it has been a good day, it has also been a long one. I'm glad work will soon be over and I can go home.

Chapter Eleven

Tonight's Special Guest: Denise Austin

"I feel good about myself and fitness level; and being sick and unhealthy is not what I'd go back to."—anonymous offender who participated in a regular exercise program as an adjunct to psychotherapy

Outside is a cool, autumn evening in 1997. I wish I were camping in the nearby mountains to the east of Ogden. How I would love to be hiking right now through the thick aspen and pine forests along the upper ridge of Monte Cristo with my "Little Boo!" "I just love that kid!" I think to myself. Despite her young age of seven years old, she and I have already hiked over some of the most beautiful spots in Utah together—Bryce Canyon, Zion, Capitol Reef, the San Rafael Swell, the Manti-LaSals, and the lower Uintahs.

I remember the little story she wrote for her class at school about her favourite life experience. Her precious words were written in red crayon with the large letters all being the same size: "Me and my dad went camping at Crack Canyon. Our tire went flat. We cooked in the fire. We saw 57 lizards and my dad carried me on his back. We had fun." I laugh out loud as I remember her story that "we cooked in the fire" and we "saw 57 lizards."

She was fascinated with lizards, and throughout the trip she kept a running total of the ones she saw (a fair share were counted more than once!). I was nervous to wake up one morning to discover the rear tire of the truck was flat, even though I'd checked the

spare before we left. Despite my anxiety about having a flat tire with a young daughter and being at least 50 miles from any form of civilization, Brittney found the unexpected incident rather amusing. We changed the tire without any problem and enjoyed the rest of our camping trip. Maybe we can go to Monte Cristo this weekend.

But, tonight is Tuesday and I have to run my domestic violence and substance abuse groups at the DRC. Not too long ago, I had Tuesday evenings off, but my schedule recently changed. Still, the days go by quickly and Friday will soon be here. Although I generally enjoy my work, I find this domestic violence group to be particularly challenging, and it has quickly become my least favourite group. No matter what I seem to say or do, the seven offenders in the group resist changing their patriarchal and controlling thinking patterns. I feel completely alone in the group, trying to initiate a change that feels next to impossible.

Most groups are a little bigger, and there are usually a few members who are healthy enough in their thinking to verbally support the therapeutic process. Not so with this group. Tonight we will continue a discussion from last session about gender stereotypes, resulting expectations and power imbalances within intimate relationships. Most groups would have made more progress by now, but not this one. Pretentiousness, uniqueness, power thrusting, one-way trust, and lack of empathy—the group remains immersed in these "thinking errors" and I have not yet found a way to help dislodge them.

It is 5:30 p.m. and the men are sprawled onto their seats around the tables in the small classroom. Jerry, the most pretentious and controlling of the group, suddenly booms, "Why the fuck can't we work out in here like some a' your other groups git to.

You must not like us as much or somethin'". His comment catches me a little off guard, but I easily recognize the victim stancing and fallacy of fairness behind his words.

Jerry is five foot eight, big and muscular, and I know he lift weights regularly for we have talked together about our workout routines. Earlier today happened to be my "chest and shoulders" workout—bench presses with 225 for 16-18 reps, then 275 for 12, and 315 for six to seven. Then I moved to incline presses with dumbbells—60s, 70s, 80s—then to the Hammer Strength chest press machine loaded with free weights at 315, 405, and finished with a 2RM max at 495. The second part of my workout consisted of various cable and dumbbell exercises to work the anterior, lateral, and posterior deltoids. Since I started lifting back at Jarom Valley in 1984, I have added a full 270 pounds to my bench press. Mr. Barton surely would be surprised if he knew. I am becoming strong now, much stronger than I thought I ever could be. It's taken over a decade, but I have accomplished something that I didn't think I'd be able to do.

Few offenders I have ever worked with have more criminal pride and pretentiousness, but I know Jerry respects me because of my own physical size and strength, and I find there is something likeable about him. But at the moment, I know he is trying to put me, as the therapist, in a defensive position and that he can command the allegiance of his peers in the room. Sure enough, there is soon an echoing of victim stances from the other group members.

I think about his comment and it takes me a few moments to respond for I don't want to fall into his trap, but I want this to be a learning opportunity for both him and the group. It has taken me some time to learn to play these sorts of games therapeutically,

and several times early in my career I found myself defending my words, to little or no avail.

"Yes, I am conducting some research into how physical activity may interact with substance abuse treatment, so some people here at the DRC do get to work out as part of their therapy. But, in those cases there is a clear rationale as to how working out may potentially complement their therapy. For our group, if you can think of some way that physical activity may complement the material that we have been discussing, then I'm fine with adding it to group time. I believe physical activity has lots of psychological benefits and that we should probably do more of it here."

Jerry reluctantly nods and it seems he expected a "no" for which he was undoubtedly well prepared. The "feel" within the group is shifting. I sense that I am no longer in a room full of passive observers, but these men are now starting to become somewhat active participants.

I hear a "workin' out is good for you," come from the back of the room.

"Uh, huh," says another.

"It makes you feel better," reports David, sitting near me at the front.

Now I am brainstorming with them. All of us are thinking, and several seconds of silence pass.

"Those are good responses," I acknowledge, "but the purpose needs to fit better with our specific material. We're on the right track, but I'd still have a hard time explaining those reasons to the Parole Board or judges when they expect me to provide structured domestic violence treatment."

As I finish speaking, I have a flash of brilliance along with a plan. I walk over to the large video cabinet at the back of the room and unlock its doors with my key. It takes me a moment to find the video, but soon it is in my right hand. I quickly lock the cabinet and walk back to the front of the room.

"Gentlemen, we can work out tonight if you want to. Tonight's special guest is Denise Austin," I proudly announce as I hold up the video *Super Stomachs*.

Jerry is the first to speak, and he always calls it as he sees it, "What kinda pussy-ass shit is that? We're men like you, DJ, not a buncha fuckin' pussies."

Predictably, there are echoes from the rest, but the wind will not be taken out of my sails.

As innocently as possible, I reply, "Oh, we don't have to do this, but I thought everyone wanted to exercise and abs are an important part of a workout. But, I have plenty of other material that we can discuss."

Some grumbling continues, but Jerry quickly agrees that a short abdominal workout is better than any discussion with no workout at all. A quick vote for Denise Austin proves to be unanimous.

I lead the small exodus out of the classroom past the DRC officers' desk, through the locked doors and into the NUCCC treatment hall to the first classroom on the left. The DRC often uses this familiar classroom and there are large blue mats folded in the corner that are occasionally used for correctional officer training. A small workout bench is also in the corner, which those in my substance abuse study use for performing bench presses and incline presses with dumbbells. Fortunately, the dumbbells are on carts that are locked in a utility closet across the hall. At the front of the room, near the door, is a

VCR. I push the "power" button on the VCR, insert the cassette, and then push "play." Jerry has already unfolded two large mats into the centre of the room. There is plenty of space on the mats for our small group of men.

"I can't believe you're making us do this pussy-ass shit, DJ," moans Jerry.

Brad, a normally quiet member of the group agrees, "This is too easy."

Someone to my far left quips, "We won't even break a sweat with this crap."

We are standing, bending, and flexing our abdominals—following Denise Austin on the TV screen. I am beginning to have some doubts about my plan.

Soon, however, Denise is doing crunches—lots of them. I am breathing a little harder, although I work my abs regularly when I go to the gym. I hear a couple of men struggling to keep up. We're not even a third of the way into the workout. I notice two men have stopped. "Two men down, five to go," I think to myself as I listen and follow Denise's instructions.

"Come on, guys," I strongly encourage. "We've still got a long way to go!"

The two men half-heartedly rejoin the workout. Now we're arched on our backs with our legs churning in the air as if we're cycling upside down. Denise's voice is strong above the collective gasps for breath within the room. Soon the two men are again out of breath, and have stopped, along with three new casualties.

"I can't do this anymore," I hear from David.

"Fuck, I'm done," admits Brad.

Jerry is still going, but I can see he is struggling. I am struggling some too, but I know I've done this workout before and know that I will not stop. Four minutes have probably gone by, but it seems like it's been thirty.

Soon Jerry stops. "How the fuck does she keep doin' this!" he exclaims, shaking his head, "This is the hardest goddamn workout I've done!"

"If you need to take a little rest here and there, then go ahead, but jump back in as soon as you can!" I suggest, "But we need to keep up with the workout as much as possible. Just do as much of it as you can." I know there is a pressure to continue for none of these men wants to be perceived as the weakest in the group.

Denise is now lying on her back with her feet six inches off the floor, rotating them to the left, then to the right, then back to the left…I am still trying to keep up with her, but I'm struggling. My feet are made of lead and the muscles below my navel feel like they might break anytime from the heaviness of my shoes. The rest of the little group are following for short stretches then resting, then following briefly, then resting. Despite their pathetic output, they are all trying as best they can. I hear more comments about how difficult this workout is and I can tell that each of them is gaining a new respect for Denise Austin. Yes, Denise and her "little pussy shit" workout, has just kicked, and kicked hard, each of our tough male asses, along with bruising a few thick, criminal egos.

I finish the ten minutes, mostly from my own sheer pride, and I, too, am exhausted. After a minute or two of resting with the group, I find the strength to get up, walk over to the VCR and push "Rewind." We finish the group by processing the experience and integrating it with previous treatment discussions. Each group member is far more humble and attentive than before. I slowly move to the dry erase board and list the comments I heard from the group about the activity prior to our participation, compared with those comments I heard throughout and after the experience. These men

had been so sure of their perceptions about the ease of the ab workout—performed by an individual who they perceived to be weak (a female)—yet the harsh reality of the experience was on full display in the other column.

In astonishingly little time the perceptions of our group members appear to have dramatically changed, and I hope that patriarchal bonds of gender stereotypes will be loosened from this experience. All our previous discussions about gender perceptions and power and control within relationships seem to make more sense to the group members. Each is finally willing to acknowledge that some common perceptions may not be as accurate as previously thought. And, each of us has a new appreciation for how long ten minutes really is. When the group is over, I see a fresh look of respect on Jerry's face as he walks toward the door.

"Real good group tonight, D J," he reports, "but I sure as hell don't want to do it again."

The coming weeks will require that each member of the group, myself included, looks closely at how we can work towards better promoting equality within relationships. At the moment, members of a group that have maintained resistance to change seem much more willing to evaluate some previously held beliefs.

Chapter Twelve

"One of Us!"

"As human beings, we share far more commonalities than we have differences"—Doran Mitchell, University of Utah Graduate School of Social Work, after the shootings at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado

It's July 2001. I'm sitting in a small office along the treatment hall at NUCCC, reflecting on my experiences since I began working here. That day is finally here and I have intense and mixed emotions; it is my last evening working as a contracted therapist at NUCCC. Soon I will be moving to Edmonton, Alberta to begin working on a Ph.D. in the Faculty of Physical Education and Recreation and thus I will also be writing a new and very different chapter in my life. Just over five years ago I began my career here as a social worker only a month after the facility opened—first with Valley Mental Health at the DRC. For the past year I have worked for the Center for Family Development (CFD) as a therapist in the NUCCC Sex Offender Program.

Much has happened since I began working at NUCCC back in 1996. I have developed some wonderful new friendships and I completed two Masters degrees. During that time I discovered that although I'm not really good at it yet, I do love to write; I have much to say; and I have presented my research at two international conferences, one in New Zealand. I have learned much more about relationships, therapy, research, and most of all—I have learned lots about myself.

I'm not so different from many of my clients. Criminal thinking errors? I can identify with several from back in the J.L.O.T. days. Pretentiousness. Criminal Pride. Objectification. Entitlement. Fear of Fear. Polarized Thinking. Corrosion and Cutoff. Lack of Empathy. Self-defeating behaviours? Fewer now. A sensation seeking biology? Yes. Issues with authority figures? I still have them and probably always will, but they don't control my life like they once did. Needing therapy myself? Absolutely, from time to time.

However, besides some pathological commonalities I share with offenders, I also have personal strengths and talents. So does each of my clients. I favour a strengths approach to psychotherapy in addition to the essential cognitive-behavioral and relapse prevention approaches. And, we all share many common needs. At first, I didn't think I'd like working as a therapist in corrections, and it was never part of my plan, but I find that I enjoy it.

Corrections is an interesting environment with many demands. I rarely get bored and it challenges my ability to assess, diagnose, and intervene appropriately, and there is always so much more to learn. I have learned about the "art" of psychotherapy, and I rediscovered that I can be a pretty good teacher. In fact, I first learned how to teach while on my mission to England, and I loved that part of the mission experience.

Although it's been a decade since I've believed in Mormonism, there have been some rich personal blessings that have come from my experience in the religion. It was in England before the experience of college that I fell in love with reading and studying, and it was then that I realised I wanted a good education, after all. I also learned about living in another culture, despite not appreciating it at the time like I should have. Many

of the values espoused within Mormonism I continue to share: I want to be a good dad, to have a close family, to genuinely love and help others, to give service, to help alleviate human suffering, to develop my talents, and to help make the world a better place.

By emphasizing our common values, my relationship with my family has also improved over the past few years, although the religious issue doesn't go away. I have my own spiritual beliefs and despite many common values within our family, periodically it is necessary to set a boundary. While I can accept some aspects of the Church, others I cannot. I simply don't believe it has "all of the truth." I don't believe angels appear to young boys to deliver gold plates. As an institution, the Church can be charitable and friendly, but it can also be controlling and abusive. Within its doctrine is the belief that someday at the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, it will rule the world from a New Jerusalem in Jackson County, Missouri. To me, history has more than adequately taught that a complete dictatorship does not tend to serve the best interests of all.

A few years back it finally occurred to me that both my parents and I have been grieving—I had lost my accepting family and my parents had lost their returned-missionary son, a child they thought they knew so well, a child who was to always remain loyal to God and eternal truth.

The most stressful event a person can ever experience is the death of a child; such stress is even greater than the death of a spouse. What about the spiritual death of a child? How do parents grieve that? How does one get to a place of acceptance from a belief that one's child may be cast off into Outer Darkness for all of eternity to live with Satan and his despicable cohort? Can a parent ever work through such a mammoth grief to a place of acceptance? Is it even possible? If so, something has to give. Beliefs must

be modified and become more flexible, or the common grief cycle of repeated denial, bargaining, anger, and depression will remain.

I love my parents dearly and my heart hurts for them. They must terribly miss their prodigal son, continually praying that he'll return to the fold. Who is this unexpected and unwelcome replacement? Who is this other person, rather poorly disguised as the former obedient son, but is now guided by "the knowledge of man" and who now believes in forbidden teachings such as the heresy of evolution? Who is this former child who yesterday diligently sang "I hope they call me on a mission," but today has beer in his refrigerator? Who is this man who distances from religion, but chooses to work in a prison? Who is this person who once hated school, yet will soon be leaving the country to work on his third graduate degree? Where did DJ go? When will the real DJ come back?

A couple of summers ago, my younger cousin, J.C., hanged himself. His death was a shock to our whole family. When I heard the terrible news, I remembered my experience on the Divide. On a dreary, late afternoon at the Divide I was J.C.

J.C. had struggled to stay clean from drugs and my entire family knew that he had a difficult time coping with the loss of his mother. Brittney and I drove down to my mother's hometown of Parowan to attend his funeral. It was a quick, simple service. Few people came. Nobody really said much and I stayed quiet too. I didn't know how my uncle could cope with losing his wife, a brother, and a son to suicide. No one should have to suffer such pain. Something in me wanted to scream, but I couldn't. Brittney, on the other hand, was more talkative than the rest of us. Several family members

mentioned both to me and to her that they were glad she came down from Salt Lake City with me. "Are you okay, dad?" she asked as I cried alone with her after the funeral.

"No, but I will be," I had assured her. I gave her lots of extra hugs that trip.

As my mind reflects, I squirm on the rotating chair and lift my feet up to rest them on the corner of the square wooden desk. A lot has happened in many different aspects of my life since I've been working here at NUCCC. "I wasn't going to stay here this long," I remind myself, "but I'm glad I did." Intuitively, it has felt right.

Now I'm ready to move on, but I'm not exactly sure what I am getting myself into. I'm excited, but feel vulnerable. I like where I live, my friends, my job, and for the past year I have made good money for the first time in my life. Nevertheless, eventually I want to be a researcher and moving to Edmonton feels right and I am ready. "Going to the University of Alberta is best for me now," I reassure myself.

The most difficult part will be leaving my "Little Boo." She and I have been processing our daddy-daughter relationship and how we can stay close when I move. Despite plans of leaving Utah sooner, the time has never felt right for me to move away. Brittney and I are both ready and finally it can be done successfully. I'm excited to move to the final stage of my education and to write a fresh, new chapter in my life. I crave adventure again. I'm so ready for this change and although it will be difficult, I'll know I'll love it. I can feel it strongly deep within my heart.

I look up at the round clock on the white brick wall in the cozy CFD office. Soon the other two therapists, Dennis and Marc, will be here for our combined groups. Normally, our groups are conducted separately, but tonight we are meeting together to

process what it means to the offenders to have worked with me and how it feels that I am leaving for Canada.

Dennis runs a couple of groups here on Thursdays, although most of the time he is busy in Salt Lake as the Executive Director of CFD. I don't see him much and I'm always a little nervous around him because of his authority, but I like him and he has been fun to work with. He is always relaxed and casual, maybe sometimes erring on the side of being a little too casual, for being in the position of agency director.

Marc is the Program Director here and has an opposite dominant personality characteristic from Dennis. Marc always pays attention to detail and it is essential to him that the program functions as orderly and predictably as possible. He laughs about the strong obsessive-compulsive nature of his personality, and he wonders, like I sometimes do, how Dennis can often be so nonchalant about everything.

Over the past year that we have worked closely together, Marc and I have built a strong friendship and I am going to miss working with him. I've also developed great friendships with many of the corrections administrators, supervisors, and officers both here and throughout northern Utah. I am going to miss these wonderful people who have become my best friends. It feels like they are family, and in many ways, they probably are.

It feels good to take some time, sit in the little office, and reflect upon the past five years here. "I can't believe how much I've learned and how quickly the time has passed!" I acknowledge. I have worked at the Diagnostic Unit, Timpanogos, and Olympus at the Utah State Prison, and three of the four community correctional centers in northern Utah. I wonder about the hundreds of offenders that I have assessed and treated.

Did I really help them? I wonder what ever happened to Sally, after her graduation from the DRC program? Did she finally stay clean? Has her life changed? And what about Rick, with his history of thefts and robberies? And Anthony? "I really hope they made it this time," I honestly hope.

My mind continues to reflect on the past. There were the funnier cases, too. The best was the time that Joe, a likeable twenty-something year-old meth user with limited brain cells, tried to foil his urinalysis test. That particular day, I happened to be walking past the restroom where the officers took offenders for urine tests when I heard a painful yelp coming from inside. When Joe and the officer finally came out, the officer was hiding his face trying to keep from laughing too hard, but with little success. A dejected Joe was sent outside to wait, and the officer pulled me aside to inform me about what had just happened.

Apparently, the crafty Joe had taped surgical tubing to the underside of his penis and the transparent surgical tubing was connected to a small plastic bag underneath his arm, which contained his best friend's urine. The officer had quickly spotted the tape, then the tubing, and finally the plastic bag. Poor Joe couldn't get the urine from the bag to stop flowing down the tubing, and doused himself in the urine. The awful yelp I had heard was from Joe pulling the sticky tape from his penis. As it turned out, Joe had to produce his own urine, which tested negative—the drugs he had used a few days before had already gone through his system! For the sake of curiosity, the officer tested the urine in the plastic bag, which was positive for methamphetamine! Joe admitted he had used methamphetamine with his best friend, and that his poorly conceived plan certainly didn't produce the outcome that he had hoped.

There were also tough times. Katie, a vibrant young woman who had attended the DRC three different times between prison sentences, finally got it right. She was always energetic and optimistic about her future, but she continually struggled to avoid relapsing back into drug use. Staying clean was an ongoing fight for her and our entire staff worked extra hard to try to help. On her third outpatient attempt she successfully completed her treatment, landed a clerical job that she liked, and would soon regain custody of her two children. Katie finally had turned the corner toward a bright and fulfilling future. She seemed pleased with herself and her new life, and although she'd completed her DRC therapy, she came in regularly to visit and to let us know how well she was doing and how much she appreciated us. We were all so happy for her, but just a couple of months ago she was found beaten to death in her small apartment. Her attacker had quietly broken the lock on her door during the middle of the night and had then ended her life in a most brutal and horrific manner. Her ex-husband is the primary suspect and he has not yet been found. The realization of Katie's death still deeply hurts all of us.

As I think about Katie, I hear the keys turning in the lock of the office door. I need to regain composure for at the moment I don't want anyone to see that I'm on the edge of tears, even though my colleagues and I have shared a few.

"Hi DJ," I hear Dennis say as he and Marc enter our small room. "Are you all ready to go up to Canada?"

"Not quite, but soon I will be," I reply. I feel my sober affect quickly shifting towards contentment as my mind moves to thinking about my future. "I feel like now's the right time to finish my education."

"Well, I'm happy for you, but sad for us," Dennis continues. "You're going to have lots of opportunities. The problem you'll have is going to be ruling out what you don't want to do for a career."

I appreciate Dennis's encouraging viewpoint. I feel ready and excited for the change, but the unknown still frightens me some, and I'm sad to be leaving my friends.

"When this Dr. Strean called, I honestly thought about telling him that DJ isn't available and he can't go," declares Marc. Dennis chuckles and a grin appears on my face.

"CFD is going to miss you and corrections is going to miss you," Dennis adds. "You've done a great job here."

"Thanks. I've learned a lot from both of you. I've really appreciated my time here."

Soon it is time for the group. I hear Marc's voice on the intercom system informing the CFD residents that group is about to begin, "All CFD residents please report to the CFD office for groups." His words are always carefully assembled before he speaks, even when calling his groups down to the treatment hall.

In the large process group Marc reminds the offenders that tonight is my last night as a therapist at CFD. The information doesn't surprise anyone for I had told my clients three weeks earlier that I would be leaving for Canada, and I have been focusing on the termination phase of the therapeutic relationship with the clients on my caseload.

"For group tonight," Marc continues, "each of us will have some time to talk about what it's meant to know DJ in his capacity as a therapist here." I know that this

will be a good experience for the group, and for me, too, but I'm starting to feel anxious and I'm extra emotional today anyway.

Marc begins, looks me straight in the eye, and tells me what a great experience it has been to work together. I know he means it. "I have learned so much from DJ. He is one of the smartest therapists I have ever worked with," he continues. "And he has been a tremendous asset to our treatment team and to this program."

"Thank you, Marc. And I've enjoyed working with you, too. I've really enjoyed you as both a friend and a colleague," I reply honestly, even though I'm not sure what to think about his comment that I'm "one of the smartest therapists" he's worked with. I want to jokingly blurt out that he probably hasn't worked with very many therapists, but instead I stay silent.

One by one each member of the group talks briefly about their experience with me. Some of my clients in the room inform me that they weren't always pleased when I sent them away at the end of a therapy session to "dig deeper," or to rewrite assignments, but that they learned more about themselves as a result. Still, the common message that I hear is that "DJ cares."

Finally, it is Ron's turn. Ron spent several months in the Utah State Prison for both drug-related and property crimes. No one knew that he had sexually abused his baby stepsister until he was paroled and sent to inpatient substance abuse treatment for drug charges, but there he voluntarily admitted his sexual deviance to a substance abuse counsellor. He was then ordered by the parole board to complete sex offender therapy. For the past year I have worked with Ron as his individual therapist, and although his progress was quite slow for several months, he has made significant positive changes

since March. He will be successfully released from the program next week, which he has diligently earned. I'm proud of him for the hard work he has done.

"When I first met DJ," Ron begins, "I thought who is this guy? He's not as confrontive like my other therapists. It took me a few sessions to adjust to him because he's so different from my previous therapist. He still calls me on my issues, but he's more laid back and positive. He's helped me so much and I'm so grateful that I got to learn from him, but it's not like he's a therapist, he's just one of us. In our last session I told DJ that I was afraid my progress would stop when he left, but he told me that it doesn't have to because I'm the one who has been doing the work and making the changes. Even though DJ won't be here I can keep changing and doing better."

On the outside I maintain a calm demeanour, but on my inside a fire alarm has just gone off. "Oh, no," I think. "I can only imagine what Marc and Dennis must be thinking! They just heard Ron's confession that I'm not like a therapist, but I'm more like "one of them," an offender, and a sex offender at that! "The other therapists are *that* confrontive?" I surprisingly wonder.

"Should I have been harsher and more confrontive? Maybe I haven't known what I was doing, after all. Maybe I've been too soft. Yes, I've only been doing sex offender therapy for a year and I need to learn more. Shit! It's probably a good thing I'm going to Canada to study in the area of physical education and recreation. Dennis is probably wondering what on earth I've been doing for the past year." Most of what Ron said I like, but that part about "I'm one of them?" Hell no!

I really did enjoy working with Ron and I was proud of him for his hard work in therapy. I measure my words carefully, as I respond, "I've enjoyed working with you,

Ron, and you've done a lot of good work over the past few months. I hope that you remember that it has been you, and not me, who has been making the changes in your life. I've enjoyed watching you make those changes, but you had to do the work. I've been lucky to get to watch you take responsibility and be assertive." My words are honest and from my heart, but simultaneously, the "he's just one of us" comment is bothering me.

At the end of the group, several offenders stay after and wish me luck. Dennis, Marc and I fax our group roll sheets into the CFD office in Salt Lake City, and soon we are walking out the doors of the facility and toward the south parking lot. "Thanks again, DJ, you'll do great up there," Dennis reassures.

"You'll be back in before you go, right?" Marc asks.

"Yeah, you'll see me in here a couple more times before I go," is my answer.

For the next day or two my mind occasionally moves back to Ron's "he's just one of us" comment. It finally hits me that, rather than leading me to question my effectiveness, the comment just may carry some weight in supporting my effectiveness as a therapist. Maybe I am "just one of *them*," and perhaps that's a good thing? And maybe I was effective because I didn't always seem like a therapist? And perhaps there was a more equal balance of power within the therapeutic alliance? I know that therapists each have their own unique styles. I don't think that I was particularly soft, but I did allow room for, in fact, I tried to encourage, my clients to self explore. And, I tried to use language that is more curious and less prescriptive in an effort to empower my clients. In fact, I have worked very hard to avoid being prescriptive and authoritative. I try to give

my clients plenty of autonomy to explore possible consequences that may result from many possible ways of addressing their problems.

"Was I a good therapist?" I ask myself. I'm not exactly sure, but I think so. Did I do my best? Yes. Did I genuinely care about my clients? Yes. Do I still care about offender rehabilitation, even though I will soon be at the University of Alberta studying physical education and recreation? Absolutely, and I believe there is a huge potential in exploring the combination of these areas. Somebody needs to do the research to find out.

The "just one of them" comment no longer bothers me, but my initial reaction to it does. As a therapist, I did my best and I cared about my clients, but here is proof that the "us vs. them" mentality is stronger within myself than I wanted to admit. And, doesn't an "us vs. them mentality" in some way, restrict movement toward a deeper level of caring and understanding? I realize there is still much personal work left for me to do to lower this barrier within my own mind. Offender rehabilitation scholars are correct, the "us vs. them" mentality is a major barrier to progress, and I need to work on reducing it in my own mind, along with everybody else in the corrections field.

Chapter Thirteen

Towards The Unknown

"She sees her work, this work, as a calling, a mission. Let the audience feel the emotion of the autoethnography. Bring life to research. Bring research to life."— Carolyn Ellis, University of South Florida, describing her relationship with autoethnography

"I am nearing the light at the end of the tunnel," I gently encourage myself as I ponder writing the last chapter of my dissertation. Less certain is how to proceed in writing this chapter, and I find myself in a dilemma that is apparently quite common to other autoethnographers. Should I go back to writing about theory and how my stories illustrate various theories? Ditch the personal and go back to the academic voice and its traditional representation of scholarship? Do I include many more references to help illustrate what I know? Surely that would help to better convince my examining committee that I am deserving of a PhD. Or should I stay with story? If I don't return to theory, will they think this project is really scholarship? Does something need to be added to the narrative to make it legitimate "scholarship?"

Perhaps I could start this chapter by analysing the relationship of physical activity and sport within the particular stories. I could point out the can't miss symbolism of the J.L.O.T. gang being patterned after major league baseball, and of physical fitness being culturally associated with power, leadership, and masculinity. There are the connections between fitness being valued with J.L.O.T. from the perspective of Edwin

Sutherland's Differential Association Theory and my continual interest in weightlifting might be explained through social learning. Future research with offenders might explore these possibilities. There are also motivational shifts for my engaging in physical activity that reflect the dominant issues in my life—indeed, my stories were selected in large part because of common issues I share with offenders.

Like many offenders, there was a time (throughout my teens) when I maintained plenty of criminal thinking, engaged in certain risk-taking behaviours, and battled authority figures (through being sneaky). Like many offenders, I resented (and a part of me still dislikes) institutional power and control, which is illustrated in my story, "Into 'Outer Darkness.'" Like many offenders, I felt a deep emotional pain; my old, familiar world finally shattered; and I struggled with a black depression and its unending loneliness. And, like many offenders, I have found myself in the role of client within the psychotherapeutic dyad. Throughout these experiences, physical activity was a relatively healthy coping tool in a personal psychological toolbox, which, at that time, contained very few instruments. Certainly, my physical self has been a primary component of my overall identity, and fitness has been a coping staple, as illustrated in "Trains." I think, though, to boil it all down, physical activity mostly has been a way for me to try to gain some perceived power and a sense of self. Given the above connections I share with offenders, it shouldn't be surprising why I am passionate about exploring the potential benefits of physical activity as a clinical supplement to offender rehabilitation.

Despite the many possible avenues herein that could be pursued further analytically, I don't want to diffuse any emotional product of the stories. That would defeat my purpose. If the stories herein have been successful in eliciting emotion, now is

not the time to rebury that emotion underneath extensive critical analysis and theory. Similar to the goals of psychotherapy, perhaps it is possible to help the reader hold on to the emotion a little longer, while at the same time providing some explanation and connection back to the literature from which this project rests. Therefore, I will continue to give voice to my personal self in this last chapter, although my academic self has permission to speak too, in harmony.

Will my examining committee understand how difficult this project has been intellectually and emotionally? Will they notice the subtleties and intricacies of the writing, such as the psychological profile of Sally, the "realness" of her issues that were constructed from my knowledge of relevant psychological perspectives and theories within the story—Bowlby's Attachment Theory, Object Relations, Cognitive-Behavioural, Birth Order, and Family Systems Theories? Not only are certain characters constructed, but I, too, have been reconstructed according to my knowledge of multiple psychological theories. Will readers understand how my knowledge of theory has been significantly deepened and illuminated based on writing and pondering these simple stories about myself? Ironically, just as I have done via writing stories, offenders must also reconstruct their own identities throughout the process of rehabilitation. Can my readers see this blurring of my Self and the Other?

What about my writing style? As Jean Clandinin has emphasized, narratives should move backward and forward, inward and outward, and show connection to place. I have purposely tried to use shorter sentences and concreteness in an attempt to evoke feeling from the text, while also attempting to maintain a subjective consistency that is true to the time period of the events I storied. Then there was the necessity of

maintaining consistency in each character's speech patterns within the stories. Yet, despite a conscious structuring of the writing, I also felt a deeper, natural, subconscious flow in crafting the stories. I didn't fully understand Carolyn Ellis's insight that writing autoethnography draws from multiple layers of personal consciousness. I am now beginning to understand how this occurs, because despite my intentional crafting of the stories, much more came up through the writing than I had planned or anticipated.

Surely readers will notice many of the representations and linkage of metaphors, many were inserted into the stories intentionally. "I am a deer trapped in the blinding headlights of an oncoming Kenworth" compared to my later nightmares of being trapped on the railroad tracks and unable to escape the massive freight train. They will notice the significance of taking the "steep path toward wholeness," in connection to the steep northern trail on the Divide that, back in 1992, I had not yet explored. And, readers will catch my obvious intentions of mentioning the "few dead logs" that were "scattered beneath their living relatives," along with the obvious purpose of the noisy woodpecker and my own "not being able to keep quiet." Some may catch my occasional use of anaphora and metonymy in an attempt to give momentum to a particular aspect of experience.

But there are far deeper meanings and contrasts, some of which I hadn't intended. As I think about them, these don't seem to end. They continue to stretch far back into my embedded culture and various subcultures. For example, getting back to power, there is my dominant personal issue regarding authority: my "map" vs. "God's Plan." It hadn't occurred to me that this contrast would arise within the stories, yet what a fitting representation to capture an ongoing personal battle!

Similarly, there is the significance of my life in the basement (and travelling down the basement stairs!) compared to a common, more visible world above ground. It is a fascinating analogy of the invisible subconscious compared to the observed conscious, or perhaps maybe the biological (genetic) foundations of behaviour from which the psychosocial structure of a house is necessarily built. Although I have been taught repeatedly that the unconscious mind is massive compared to its conscious superstructure, this project has forcefully demonstrated that concept to me in a way that perhaps no other project could.

Indeed, my decision to write an autoethnography for my dissertation was driven by a conscious, carefully crafted rationale, yet now I see that this project was also driven by unconscious forces that are just as strong, perhaps far stronger even than conscious ones. The basement/upstairs analogy may also apply to the more covert, psychosocial domain compared to its more visible counterpart, the physical (biostructural) domain. For example, strength training generally produces muscle hypertrophy, thus making physical power more noticeable to others. I liked the attention and the apparent perception from others that I was strong and powerful, yet in other areas of my life, I was weak. These deeper, less visible domains are those that offender rehabilitation primarily seeks to correct.

I've had the goal to obtain a Ph.D. for well over a dozen years, and by selecting this style of autoethnography, I have put myself in the vulnerable position of fiercely re-battling the old demons face to face in order to achieve this highest educational goal. Why did I really want to do this? Why did I *need* to do this? Other research projects I have completed have been far easier, but also much less interesting and rewarding. Is

there something wrapped up with my educational goal that needed to be conquered? I think so. Somehow, I still need to learn to be "okay." I need to see the common humanness in myself and others. I want others to see it, too. We all need to love and appreciate each other more. Finally, and not the least important, although the "Into Outer Darkness" story took place on the North Ogden Divide (not fictitiously named), that experience serves as a critical division in a dominant, personal life story. That horrible experience, which occurred at a rugged mountain place literally named the Divide, has turned out to be a "great divide" in my personal life. Is the completion of this particular project, and thus obtaining a doctorate degree, another important divide in my ongoing life story? Or, returning once again to the "house" analogy and from within Arthur Bochner's insights to autoethnography, perhaps the upstairs part of the house is the academic self, while the basement is the foundation, comprised of the personal self, from which the academic self is, consciously or not, constructed.

Will my readers truly understand the difficulties of trying to get back into a psychological space that often included guilt, anger, rebellion, and a painful loneliness? Will they understand how it feels to try to re-experience intense and most unpleasant emotions, and to try to maintain a sort of psychological congruence by trying to tell each story from its particular psychohistorical context as I invite the reader into the experience? My academic self often did not like the process of giving voice (and thus, power) to the personal. Often I wanted to somehow caution, but couldn't, within the text that *"this defective person you are reading about might have been me THEN, but it isn't me NOW,"* yet the me of "yesterday" is, and will always be, a part of me "today." Similarly, crimes committed at one time or another, and resulting effects on human

experience, don't magically disappear due to any psychotherapy and/or the passage of time, but always remain a critical part of the personal selves of offenders and their loved ones. Yet individual human lives, along with our larger world, are incredibly dynamic.

Surely my readers will sense that perhaps my passion for trying to help offenders to heal is an unconscious opportunity to continue my own healing. I have known that for quite some time. But, will they think less of me that I'm still trying to heal? Will my research, my life, my character be harshly judged? Subsequently, will I be viewed as an Other? By writing autoethnography, rather than conforming to more traditional methods (and PhD program structure), am I an "offender" of a strict, academic code? Or will my readers respect and perhaps even appreciate my "humanness" and my willingness to share it with them? Will they see the merging of my Self and the Other? Will they see that I am not so different from those I tried to help? Will they sense that perhaps they too are not so different from many of those behind prison bars? We all have our issues, our struggles, our scars, warts and pimples. What psychological issues does each reader have and how might he or she be struggling? Yet aren't these common imperfections what make us human? And beautiful! Subsequently, will readers sufficiently see the "us vs. them" issues at every turn, and how although these divisions can never be eradicated, they are, nevertheless, mostly mirages?

Will my readers "feel" the stories? Do I write well enough to stir emotion, blur boundaries, and illustrate ambiguity? Do they know how difficult it is to write such raw, unsanitised content that is intended to disturb? Although giving voice to my personal self felt liberating, my academic self still cringes at the simple, raw, unrefined language of the stories. In an academic context, my academic self, to some degree, still resists deferring

to the personal. Do members of my committee sometimes feel this tension? Are their personal voices sometimes silenced, because their academic selves "know" a "correct" position?

What sorts of social and family issues might my readers have? Do my readers have children? If so, certainly they feel the same indescribable love for their children that I have for Brittney—a rather obvious testament to the limitations of language. And, what about Brittney? Does she, now at the young age of 13, really understand that she is central to my life, and how incredibly thankful I am to be her dad? Does she feel my heart light up when we exchange "I love you's" each time we say goodbye in person or via the telephone? Can she feel how much I look forward to seeing the sparkle in her eyes, her tender smile, and giving her hugs each time I visit from Canada? Does she know that 1,000 miles can never separate us? That we are always connected?

And how will members of my family react if they read this dissertation? Do they know the depth of my old anger and the blackness of my depression? Have I sufficiently prepared them to read this research? My parents have asked about my dissertation and I've tried to be open with them about its purpose and contents, but what will they say if they actually read it? Do they want to? Are they afraid? Do they know that I truly love and appreciate them, that I long for their health and happiness, and that I want to continue building our relationship?

I can't help but remember from my role as a therapist, how difficult it was for many of my sex offender clients to disclose their dark and secretive crimes to their own families and loved ones, and how hurtful it was for their families to hear such unwanted news. Am I the "offender" within my family? Is this my detailed "disclosure"? How

might it go? What will happen? Will my family be heartbroken? If so, is healing possible? I know that they still hurt because I left their religion. I honestly don't think it's possible for a complete healing and acceptance. Ideology is too strong, too permanent. But perhaps some, or maybe even all, have sufficient insight and won't be too surprised, after all. But, what if their defences are so strong that my personal stories—critical parts of my life, of me—are ridiculed and dismissed as rubbish, perhaps not risking staining the beauty of a "perfect" Plan? How might I react to any number of possible reactions? Am I finally mature enough, emotionally, to handle the consequences? Or not? Once again, is healing possible? I am hopeful that good things can come from our openness. Despite having different belief systems, we are deeply connected too, whether or not we recognise and utilise existing connections.

Does my examining committee now know how risky and uncertain I feel—on multiple levels? But, do my readers also know how thrilling it is to risk, and to write in "another language," apart from the purely scientific? Do they know how liberating and exhilarating it can be? Can they feel a power in it? Can they see its potential, as Ellis says, to "bring research to life?" Do they know that I want to better learn "multiple languages" with which to present my research? Do they see the potential contributions to using different styles of representation? Thus, will they appreciate the fragmentation, messiness, contrasts, and the disjointedness of the structure and flow of this project, which itself is a microcosm of a greater purpose?

Although the forensics world is dominated by the scientific (and thus, quantitative) approach to gaining knowledge, this world is also messy, unfair, highly emotional, unpredictable, and dynamic. Similarly, I structured the first three chapters of

this project according to the traditional and familiar format, yet beginning with the stories each chapter takes on a somewhat unpredictable life of its own. Often in the world of forensics, we value fairness, predictability, uniformity, and neatness, but those characteristics, as often as not, tend to be elusive throughout the correctional process. No matter how much science is valued, much of the offender rehabilitation process also seems to be an art. Hence, what will my committee think of my attempt herein at mixing science and art with a strong social work flavour? Do they know my personal conviction that "It's all good!"—or that the entire variety of "packages" of knowledge from which "reality" can be represented may each give us something different that can be applied to improving the human condition? Perhaps philosophical emphasis in what exactly "reality" is or isn't, is less important than importance itself. I am interested to see what my examining committee think of this whole endeavour. It is certainly a learning experience—hopefully not only just for me, but for all of us.

Last month I attended the National Correctional Recreation Association (NCRA) Conference in Portland, Oregon. During the Board Meeting, it was sadly announced that next year's conference is cancelled. The NCRA is now struggling to keep afloat. There are more budget cuts across the U.S. and not enough money. Once again, to borrow words from John R. Kelly, "recreation and leisure are derivative." Work is essential while leisure is little more than left-over. Similarly, within corrections, prisons are essential, recreation and leisure education programs are luxuries. The prevalent perception within the U.S. seems to be that prisoners should be punished and prison conditions sufficiently harsh, and thus offenders don't deserve recreation. Such thinking and subsequent prioritising may be a huge mistake.

The literature is clear that incarceration is expensive and it does not reduce recidivism. Offenders typically have complex psychological issues that correspond with their engagement in criminal behaviour. These issues need to be addressed therapeutically, not harshly. A separate body of literature is clear in suggesting that recreation and physical activity are associated with numerous physical and psychological benefits. Therefore, can physical activity be used to help reduce recidivism? Like my own personal history, is physical activity a plausible coping staple for many offenders? I think it might be, and certainly more coping skills are better than fewer coping skills. What will happen if activity is taken away? Furthermore, is it possible to pair offender motivation to engage in physical activity (i.e., weightlifting) with forensic psychotherapy to help offenders engage in therapy itself, and thus get an increased positive treatment effect? If so, it may be possible for society to save thousands of dollars associated with future crime. Perhaps it is possible to prevent future victims? And to prevent future emotional suffering? Can physical activity reduce psychiatric comorbidity in offenders?

Can we reduce inmate health costs through recreation and physical activity, saving additional taxpayer dollars? Existing research shows that offenders incur the same common physical diseases as the rest of us—cardiovascular diseases, cancer, diabetes—which further drives up economic costs to the community. Could regular participation in physical activity by offenders prevent incidence of these diseases and their associated costs? A recent study by John Amtmann suggests this may be so. Finally, can we learn more about how leisure and physical activity may pair with offender motivation to commit crime in the first place? In other words, how does leisure function, for various offenders, as a criminogenic need? This last question has huge potential for exploration!

Leisure and physical are not always positive for offenders, and in some cases may prevent criminal rehabilitation. These and many other critical questions need to be considered by scholars, and the answers are not yet known.

What is the future of correctional recreation? What is the future of the NCRA? Will it survive? Who knows. Solid research is badly needed. It is time for the "us vs. them" barrier to be loosened. It is time for professionals to work together more effectively to reduce crime and improve the human condition. It is time for knowledgeable and skilled researchers to explore the relationship of physical activity, recreation, and leisure to forensic psychology and criminal behaviour.

I'm currently experiencing the same feeling I felt before coming to the University of Alberta almost two years ago. I feel prepared and I want to move on. I don't know exactly where I'll go next, but the answer will soon come. It is time to write a new chapter in my life. Several months ago I wrote a poem about my decision to come to Edmonton, titled "A Point in My Journey":

I am at a point in my journey, and
for a moment time has stopped.
Uncertainty.
Where do I go?
I gaze ahead to the South
and I will surely go there; for
I am a healer, and my Heart is a drum.
But no—
God lifts and gently cradles me.

An unknown land North is where
my journey is to continue.

One year later.
Winds of winter claw my face
as bitter cold numbs my skin. But
there is a hidden warmth inside me that
will soon grow to be a fire.

In this Northern Land of Winter
my wings take shape and grow. And,
I am forever changed.
I know now.
God sprinkles us with magic.

I will soon come to another point in my journey, when
for a moment time will stop. But
God is again with me
to lift and gently cradle me—
to show me the way.

My wings are strong and my voice is full;
I have learned to dance and sing.

Every heart beats together—Always—

My journey will forever continue.

I am fast approaching another critical point in my journey. I continue to heal, but my voice is becoming full and my wings are becoming strong. Both personally and professionally there is much more to learn, but I have some essential research tools and I will gather more. There are several research questions surrounding recreation, physical activity and psychotherapy in the correctional environment that need to be answered. I have strong connections within the correctional system to collect data and I am sufficiently familiar with the physical activity and recreation literature, and particularly the clinical literature in forensics. There are resources from which to get research funding and the potential to benefit human life is great.

I want to contribute to improving society in my own way—I want to make a difference. I am passionate about my area of specialisation, and with this project I have tried to "bring life to (my) research," and to "bring (my) research to life." Both personally and professionally, my time here at the University of Alberta has been the "best two years of my life," and I feel well-prepared. Perhaps, like Ellis, I too, am finally discovering my work, my calling, my mission.

Epilogue

Negotiating the Primary Barrier: From Retributive Justice to Peacemaking

"Men build too many walls and not enough bridges"—Isaac Newton

Through writing stories, I have tried to empower a personal voice, evoke emotion, provide a glimpse into various identities, and illustrate ambiguity and blending. This process can shed light on the "us vs. them" barrier through emphasizing commonalities of human experience. More on this process will be explained shortly. I have also tried to highlight common emotional experiences, through empowering my personal voice, which we all share as humans. In keeping with the spirit of this evocative narrative, I will shift to writing from a predominant academic voice, but this voice remains blended somewhat with a personal voice. A key question for readers is, "How does this project add to the literature on the topic?" or specifically, "How does this autoethnography address the "us vs. them" barrier to exploring the role of physical activity as part of offender rehabilitation. In this epilogue I will strengthen this connection.

Physical Activity and Offender Rehabilitation

The intention of this research was not to answer the question about whether physical activity may or may not be helpful as a clinical adjunct to offender rehabilitation, but rather, to address a primary barrier of why this research has not yet occurred. Indeed, physical activity may prove to be counterproductive to rehabilitation if it is not carefully structured as a complement to therapeutic goals (Williams, 2001a, 2001b). Preliminary evidence also suggests that physical activity as a rehabilitative

adjunct may deter commitment to psychotherapy if the client is not sufficiently motivated to engage in activity (Williams, 2000b, 2003). Much more research in this area needs to be conducted. Furthermore, leisure (including physically active leisure) has been recognized as a criminogenic need and may increase the likelihood of committing future crime (see Gendreau, 1996).

Physical activity may also reinforce perceptions of power, gender stereotypes, and criminal thinking. This possibility is illustrated particularly in the first two stories and "Tonight's Special Guest: Denise Austin." Although criminal thinking and subsequent antisocial behaviour is not uncommon among teenage boys, physical activity may reinforce these patterns. Sport (major league baseball) served as the structure for my J.L.O.T. gang, power was distributed and maintained through physical fitness status, and stereotypes about gender roles were reinforced. Each of us in the gang wanted to be fit, tough, and "wicked bad," and no one wanted to be thought of as weak, fearful, or physically unfit.

These perceptions are consistent with a number of Samenow's (1984; Samenow & Yochelson, 1976; 1977) "criminal thinking errors," including power thrust, pretentiousness, fear of fear, and objectification. All of us have "thinking errors" of one sort or another, and many "criminal" thinking errors are quite common among adolescents.

The effects of the reinforcement of stereotypes and power imbalances also show up in the later stories. I often felt uncomfortable with my own perceptions of weakness and through experiencing painful emotions. Furthermore, when I was aligned with the powerful correctional system, I was in a position of having considerable power over

many "tough" offenders, which perhaps increased my own sense of power. Although my intention of using a Denise Austin video to address gender issues among violent men through the experience of physical activity appeared to be somewhat successful at getting those men to re-examine their perceptions of power, toughness, and strength relating to gender, I was also exploiting power based on my position within a powerful institution. After the experience with the Denise Austin video, I had to try to give back more power and encourage the personal exploration of each participant's own cognitive and behavioural patterns. Therefore, research into how physical activity may reinforce stereotypes, criminal thinking patterns, and institutional control certainly is warranted. It may easily do so.

Physical activity within the correctional context also may be carefully applied to bring positive benefits. While psychiatric comorbidity, such as anxiety and depressive disorders, are common among offender populations (Castellano & Soderstrom, 1997; Ditton, 1999; Miller, 1994; Motiuk, 2002), extensive research has shown that there are numerous benefits of physical activity to psychological health (i.e., International Society of Sport Psychology, 1992; Landers, 1997; Plante, 1996; U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, 1996). Furthermore, because offenders may be motivated to participate in physical activity, it perhaps may be paired with more traditional methods to obtain an increased therapeutic effect (Williams, 2002b, 2003).

In the story "Trains," I believed, as a patient in a mental health setting, that exercise helped my mood and my therapist encouraged me to continue exercising regularly, despite that the focus of the story is much more about the role of my daughter as a protective factor. Exercise as a form of leisure also seemed to be a coping staple

through difficult times and provided some sense of identity in the midst of overwhelming feelings of alienation and loneliness. Kleiber and colleagues (2002) have recognised the potential value of leisure activities in coping and transcending negative life events through providing distraction from the stressful event, possible reconstruction of the life story in a way that is consistent with the past, optimism for the future, and providing personal meaning. These benefits appear to be relevant to helping offenders cope and should be explored. Clearly there is a place for examining the possible therapeutic benefits of physical activity among offenders.

Autoethnography and the "Us vs. Them" Barrier

While a variety of possible types of autoethnography could be written on the topic of the "us vs. them" barrier to physical activity and offender rehabilitation, I chose to focus on empowering a personal voice and to present some of my own emotional experiences and thinking processes that are relevant to physical activity and offender rehabilitation, and more specifically, personal elements that blur boundaries between "us" and "them." In so doing, I tried to illustrate commonalities between myself and many of the clients I served. For example, in the stories "Into Outer Darkness" and "Trains" it is apparent the role my young daughter had in helping me through some of the blackest experiences of my life. Her presence gave me strength somehow to stay alive. Yet, there are over two million children in the U.S. who are alienated from a parent incarcerated in the correctional system (Bureau of Justice Statistics, 2000), and this separation is likely to have negative effects on both the children and their incarcerated parents (Bilchik, et al., 2001). It is by realising commonalities, appreciating and building the therapeutic process from them that will lead to improvements in offender rehabilitation and also physical

activity becoming recognised as a legitimate topic worthy of exploration within correctional contexts.

Restorative Justice and Therapeutic Jurisprudence

In contrast to a prevailing punitive (retributive) approach to criminal justice, the recent restorative justice movement emphasizes fairness, equity, citizen-engagement, accountability, reparation, forgiveness, inclusion, healing and wellness (Benzvy Miller & Schacter, 2000). Indeed, the concept of offender rehabilitation is rooted in restorative justice values.

Yet despite some common values associated with restorative justice and considerable debate regarding what restorative justice is and isn't, restorative justice has had relatively little practical effect in the restructuring of criminal justice within North America (see Benzvy Miller & Schacter, 2000; Roach, 2000). A consensus definition of restorative justice has remained elusive. Meanwhile, the punitive approach to crime continues to gain momentum despite its adverse effects on offender recidivism (Pogarski & Piquero, 2003; Solicitor General of Canada, 2002). A recent comprehensive review of the effects of punishment on recidivism, which included 111 studies representing over 442,000 offenders, revealed that harsher criminal justice sanctions did not lower recidivism, but instead, punishment produced a three percent increase in recidivism (Solicitor General of Canada, 2002). Thus, the punitive approach, while it may be ideologically sound for some, is expensive and appears to be counterproductive in reducing crime.

With the 1990s development of the concept of restorative justice came another important concept within the field of criminology—therapeutic jurisprudence.

Therapeutic jurisprudence involves analysis of the therapeutic or antitherapeutic effects of law and public policy using social science (Wexler, 1995; Winick, 1997). Although therapeutic jurisprudence is an important addition to criminal justice, Slobogin (1995) pointed out that limitations within social science also must be inherent in therapeutic jurisprudence. Furthermore, important information gleaned using therapeutic jurisprudence may be ignored by law and policy makers or used to further subjugate individuals for personal gain (Vitello, 2003). Thus, while therapeutic jurisprudence is an important tool in exposing hypocrisy and injustices of the criminal justice system, it remains limited in its capacity to provide social justice because of its inherent marginalising effects (Arrigo, in press; Slobogin, 1995). Therefore, while therapeutic jurisprudence appears to be a valuable contributor to promoting restorative justice, it alone may not be sufficient in promoting restorative justice values and resolving "us vs. them" barriers within the field of offender rehabilitation.

Therapeutic Alliances

Overall, psychotherapy, including forensic psychotherapy, has traditionally focused more on intervention techniques than the therapeutic alliance—the positive cognitive-affective relationship between client and therapist. This general historical overemphasis on intervention techniques, while ignoring the personal influences that contribute to the therapeutic dyad, is likely to be at least partly the result of psychology's fierce determination to become a "scientific" discipline. This is an important point, because just as some scholars are adamant that autoethnography is not scholarship because it focuses on the human self within the research, psychology has been slow to acknowledge how the human element affects therapeutic outcome. In other words,

traditional psychological science, attempting to remain strictly detached from the world of personal experience and personal voice, has largely missed its intended target.

However, more recently, an accumulating literature suggests that the therapeutic alliance and its components, such as empathy, respect, liking, and positive regard, account for a substantial portion of overall treatment outcome variance compared to specific intervention techniques (Horvath, 2001; Horvath & Symonds, 1991; Lambert & Barley, 2001; Martin, Garske, & Davis, 2000).

Perhaps collectively, our scholarly aim to understand forensic psychological phenomena will improve through a willingness to consider *both* nonhuman components and human elements. Similarly, various correctional practitioners may be more effective by skilfully working to apply sound techniques, along with nourishing a genuine empathic connection with their clients. A healthy balance is needed, and I continue to struggle personally to find such a balance. Sometimes, when emotional response is too strong, it is necessary to move further into cognitive space in an attempt to seek a healthier balance. However in the context of "us vs. them," perhaps more frequently there is a need to identify, connect, and stay with our own emotional experiences of the past that are congruent with current emotions felt by clients, thus injecting empathy into the interaction. Seeking such a balance is a constant struggle, and tensions between the personal and professional can often conflict within correctional contexts.

Not surprisingly, researchers in forensic psychology, through an extensive use of quantitative methods, have been slow to examine the development and the effects of the therapeutic alliance within offender rehabilitation. However, it has been suggested that forensic practitioners who are warm and empathic are more effective in promoting

change among their clients than those who are not (Bonta, 1995), and that development of the therapeutic process deserves much more attention by forensic practitioners (Williams & Strean, 2003). Even among sex offender populations where traditional therapy often has been confrontational, it is becoming recognized that a strong therapeutic alliance is crucial to successful outcome (Marshall & Serran, 2000; Serran, Fernandez, Marshall, & Mann, 2003). Thus, although this project has focused on empowering personal voice and exploring emotional experience, I am not suggesting that we ignore existing, valuable knowledge, nor should we eliminate our professional voices. Rather, I am calling for willingness among practitioners to recognise, embrace and strongly connect the two.

The ability for practitioners to empathise—including displaying sensitivity, being willing to understand the client's thoughts, feelings, and struggles from the client's point of view (Rogers, 1980)—largely dictates the development of the therapeutic alliance. Barrett-Lennard (1981) reported that the therapist's own experience is a major factor in the ability to show empathy to others.

Therapists' understanding and subsequent ability to connect and remain connected with their own issues significantly affects the treatment experiences of their clients (Gerson, 1996). This point is central to how autoethnography may help navigate the "us vs. them" barrier and is the strength of this particular project. Various types of autoethnography, perhaps including short self-narrative sketches, may be useful for practitioners to help them better connect with their own personal experiences and the emotion associated with those experiences. Exploration of the self (for therapists) is believed to be sufficiently crucial to the therapeutic alliance that some doctoral programs

in psychology now require students regularly to attend psychotherapy in the role of client. Similarly, perhaps correctional training for staff could include the experience of incarceration for a week or two?

Indeed, in writing stories of my own experiences I have become much more aware of my own countertransference issues. The concept of countertransference, by definition, acknowledges that therapists are more similar to their clients than they are different, because humans tend to repeat relational dynamics that originate within their pasts (Gabbard, 1995). Countertransference also relies on intersubjectivity and constructivism, which is consistent with evocative personal narrative as autoethnography, while the larger framework (in which countertransference as a concept is situated), psychodynamic psychiatry (in its modern version) can be viewed as a synthesis of biological and psychosocial domains (Gabbard, 1994). The story "Evil on a Tricycle" reflects such a possible synthesis in narrative form. In general, practitioners will always struggle to cope with subjective reactions in their work and how to use such reactions to promote empathy and the strengthening of the therapeutic alliance (Strean, 2001).

Practitioners vary in their awareness and their degree of personal resolution of countertransference issues. Dansie (2003) reported that the most effective practitioners—those who contribute to lasting behavioural change of their clients—have high insight into their own personal issues and high resolution of these issues. Next most effective are those practitioners who have low insight but high resolution, followed by those who have high insight but low resolution. Practitioners with low insight and low resolution are likely to be particularly ineffective in working with their clients and may actually be harming them (Dansie, 2003). Autoethnography, particularly personal evocative

narrative, may be useful in helping practitioners to become better aware of their own countertransference issues. It appears that countertransference may have much to do with professionals' abilities to empathetically understand others and is thus directly relevant to the "us vs. them" barrier, which has prevented research on physical activity from occurring with forensic contexts.

Although there appears to be no way around the use of categories and labels by which to classify people, and such classifications can be somewhat useful, we need not disregard nor forget that we are all human beings with common emotional experiences. Adams (2003) reminded us that high percentages of offenders have been victimised as children and therefore have emotional attachment difficulties as adults, which are further exacerbated by a largely punitive and uncaring correctional system. Indeed, as a forensic psychotherapist, perhaps I have gradually developed more empathy for my clients not because I better understand assessments, diagnoses, and treatment models, but because I, too, have felt depressed, lonely, powerless, and alienated (see Hernstein, 1983; Rokach, 1997; Seimens-Ward, 1998) and there came a time when I sought to stay connected with these difficult feelings. Indeed, it has taken considerable time for me to become ready to explore deeply these experiences. Therapists generally are aware that it takes considerable time for knowledge to spread from the intellectual or cognitive level (commonly thought to reside inside the brain) down to a more complete knowledge, including linkage to an emotional component, which we commonly refer to as occupying space within the heart.

In this autoethnography I have described some personal experiences, a few were deeply painful, in an attempt to illustrate commonalities I share with many of my clients.

Such self exploration is a step in recognising fundamental aspects of the "other" within oneself, and thereby facilitates the development of empathy and an increased ability to develop healthy and productive alliances with others. It is this process that blurs boundaries between "us and them," move us all toward the realisation of restorative justice values, and can negotiate barriers to physical activity research within offender rehabilitation. I strongly encourage practitioners representing a variety of disciplines within corrections to increase the depth and length of time spent in self exploration; identify and embrace highly emotional personal experiences, including those that are painful and unpleasant; and look for and build relationships from commonalities, including intense emotional experience, which we share.

Toward Peacemaking Criminology

Consistent with themes of restorative justice and research on therapeutic alliances, a new approach to criminology has begun to develop. Peacemaking criminology is about making peace with crime by building trust in the midst of conflict and to build community rather than a separation between our personal enemies and ourselves (Pepinski, 1999). Key questions of peacemaking include:, "What do I do that contributes to an attitude of peace among those causing others tremendous, concerted pain and fear? What do I do to stop the process of human separation or exclusion of victims and offenders, friends and enemies, from 'normal,' participative social discourse? (Pepinski, 1999, p. 53)."

Peacemaking seeks to develop power *with* others and encourages people "to see experience, and empathise with the injustices that are endured by those on the lesser end of the power imbalance (Vitello, 2003, p. 20)." Individuals can learn to develop

peacemaking within their social interactions. Peacemaking builds from empathy and includes making a thorough review one's own thoughts and impulses in order to explore choices, identifying one's position of power and how that power is exploited, and joining with those without voice or with less power in addressing greatest power holders who threaten to ignore the needs and interests of weaker people (Pepinski, 1999). However, as Pepinski (p. 57) explained:

> Mediation requires listening empathetically and respectfully to the power holders' response and ultimately listening most carefully and respectfully to one's harshest or most immediate critics. As one learns what the "opposing" parties' interests are, one's own direct and vicarious experience of choice(s), when discussed in relationship to the choices of others, can assist the conflicting parties in developing a repertoire of options.

Peacemaking requires genuine listening and an understanding of the feelings of both parties. Vitello (2003, p. 22) acknowledged that within a peacemaking frame of mind, "people are invited to search within themselves and acknowledge their own pain so that they may fully understand the pain of others, even if the other's pain is manifest in atrocious behaviour/choices." According to Vitello (2003, p. 23), "Accepting and wholly identifying with the pain and frustrations of others is a necessary first step to achieving peace." Peacemaking requires empathy, and perhaps may be thought of as seeking an all-encompassing alliance. It is about lowering barriers, not building them.

This project, through the use of autoethnography, focused on a first step toward research on physical activity within correctional institutions. Research on physical activity within the correctional environment is unlikely to occur on any large scale until

key players better understand and exemplify the values of restorative justice, therapeutic alliance, and peacemaking with crime. This requires a willingness and personal commitment to acknowledge and explore one's own humanness. Once again, in a spirit of peacemaking, I invite the reader to explore his or her own painful and meaningful experiences and to then build upon our collective humanness. For the more we deeply explore within ourselves the more likely we are to recognise ourselves in others.

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